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PICTURESQUE VIEWS

ON

THE UPPER, OR WARWICKSHIRE

AVON.

PICTURESQUE VIEWS

ON THE

UPPER, OR WARWICKSHIRE

AVON,

FROM ITS SOURCE AT NASEBY TO
ITS JUNCTION WITH THE

SEVERN AT TEWKESBURY:

WITH

OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE PUBLIC BUILDINGS,

AND

OTHER WORKS OF ART IN ITS VICINITY.

BY SAMUEL IRELAND,

Author of "A Picturesque Tour through Holland, Brabant, and Part of France;" and of "Picturesque Views on the Rivers Thames, Medway," &c.

London:

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AND T. EGERTON, WHITEHALL.

1795.

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TO

THE EARL OF WARWICK.

My Lord,

THE very flattering approbation I received from your Lordſhip in the courſe of the preſent undertaking, has been no ſmall incitement to my labours, and has induced me to purſue with confidence and alacrity, a work, in which the good opinion

opinion of perſons of true taſte has ever been my firſt aim, and its attainment the completion of my wiſhes.

The exalted rank your Lordſhip juſtly holds in ſociety, and the conſpicuous, venerable, and dignified manſion you ſo truly enjoy on the bank of that Avon, which forms ſo leading a feature in its embelliſhments, would naturally ſuggeſt a wiſh to find in ſuch a place protection and patronage: yet theſe circumſtances, flattering as they are, were not the principal inducement to affix your name to this work.

The

The knowledge and taſte you have diſplayed, both in the works of your own pencil, as well as the ſelection of thoſe of the firſt maſters in the different ſchools of painting, give you a ſuperior claim in appretiating the merits of others: and more eſpecially of a work like this, in which the contemplation of the beautiful ſcenery of our country, and an invariable attention to every production in the fine arts, with which it is enriched, form the principal and leading features. Preſuming, therefore, in ſome degree, upon your Lordſhip's approbation of this volume, I venture to lay it before the Public,

and

and to ſubſcribe myſelf, with all due reſpect,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's very obliged

and obedient Servant,

Sam^L. Ireland.

Norfolk Street,
Strand,
May 7, 1795.

PRE-

PREFACE.

THE Upper or Warwickſhire Avon, though not equally famed for the nature and extent of its commerce, as for the many beautiful and elegant ſcenes diſplayed on its banks, yet deſervedly holds a pre-eminent rank amongſt the leſſer rivers, that ſo abundantly fertilize our luxuriant iſland. Had the vicinity of our Avon in its gentle and meandering courſe exhibited leſs of the pictureſque, or of the magnificent fragments of antiquity, than it can in ſo many inſtances juſtly boaſt, yet ſtill, the honour it derives from having produced our immor-

tal Shakſpeare, " ſo divine in reaſon! and " in faculties ſo infinite, the paragon of " the world!" would alone have been ſufficient to induce the author to have aſpired at being its hiſtorian.

If in the pages of this volume he may be thought in the ſmalleſt degree to have elucidated any circumſtance of Shakſpeare's life, or any paſſage in the noble effuſions of his more than human mind, his utmoſt pride and wiſh is fully gratified; and the author can truly affirm, that long ſince he had committed this expreſſion of his feelings to paper, he has had the ſingular felicity of obtaining a treaſure, which had not rewarded the reſearches of thoſe who have been moſt aſſiduous and active in tracing the ſources of our earlieſt literature.

To

To this purſuit he has not himſelf been indifferent; yet neither to the preſent moment had his own enquiries been completely ſucceſsful: He may ſay,

" Quod optanti Divûm promittere nemo
" Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro."

ÆN. 9. 6.

IT is enough to add that he has the means, and it is his intention, ſo ſoon as opportunity ſhall ſerve, to lay before the public a variety of authentic and important documents reſpecting the private and public life of this wonderful man: one of his moſt affecting and admired Tragedies, written with his own hand, and differing in various particulars of much curioſity and intereſt from any edition of that work now extant; and at a future day to preſent a

picture of that mind, which no one has yet ever preſumed to copy, an entire Drama! yet unknown to the world, in his own hand-writing. This general information on a ſubject that, it is preſumed, cannot but prove acceptable to every reader of taſte and refinement, the author feels it a duty here to diſcloſe, as it is nearly connected with the intention of the preſent undertaking —a Hiſtory of that river on whoſe banks nature has in a happy and propitious hour teemed forth her proudeſt work.

To explore this gentle river, together with the various others ſo greatly conducive to the health and fertility of our iſland; to delineate their many pictureſque beauties, and to become (however unworthily) their hiſtorian, had very early been the

the favourite object, and has for ſeveral years been the avowed purpoſe, of the author of this work: in this aim he has ſo far ſucceeded as to have received the approbation of a liberal public, teſtified in the courſe of this purſuit by a rapid demand of his publications. The idea of becoming their hiſtorian, which originated with the author, and which he conceived with a view to his amuſement alone, has proved, in its progreſs, a ſource of the moſt rational pleaſure and improvement.

The mind, thus occupied, receives its gratifications without alloy, while new images and unthought of views of things preſent and impreſs themſelves, and fatigue is loſt in the double ſatisfaction ariſing from the en-

enjoyment of the ſcene before him, and the reflections that are ſuggeſted by it.

The drawings for this work were all made by the author in the ſummer months of 1792 and 1793; in theſe he profeſſes to give real portraits, without ſacrificing truth to effect, or ſtriving to give to nature thoſe fanciful, adſcititious ornaments, which ſo often load and encumber her, and which ſo rarely grace, or ſit eaſy upon her natural ſhape. In that light may be conſidered the many elegant eſſays, with which the refined ear of the public has of late been ſo much faſcinated on the ſubject of the pictureſque and beautiful: theſe, how high ſoever their claim to merit, whatever ſuperiority may be diſcovered in the ſtyle and taſte of their com-

compoſition, may yet be conſidered as little more than efforts of imagination, and works of ingenious ſpeculation. Nature ſtill holds her original forms, the grand, and majeſtic! the ſmooth, and the placid! and theſe all wiſely contraſted by her hand, generally produce in effect, that happy aſſemblage of parts, which rarely fails to act upon the mind, like the judicious combination of light and ſhade, in a well compoſed picture. To exhibit this ſcenery of nature as it preſented itſelf, the writer has conſidered as his primary duty; conceiving that the pencil and pen of the hiſtorian ſhould not on any occaſion be otherwiſe employed, than in the delineation of truth, and ſhould rather humbly follow the great outline ſhe has marked, than loftily preſcribe the path in which ſhe ought to have trod.

THE writer thinks it neceſſary to inform the public, that the ſcenery of the river Wye, ſo peculiarly adapted to the pencil from its diverſified luxuriancy, will be the next ſubject laid before them, and will be followed by the Hiſtory and Picturesque Scenery of the Lower, or Bath Avon.

PRINTS

Picturesque Views

ON THE

WARWICKSHIRE AVON.

SECTION I.

THE river Avon derives its source from a spring called Avon Well, in the village of Naseby, or, as it is written in Domesday book, Navesberie, in the county of Northampton. Avon, Even, or Sevon, is a name common to rivers whose course is easy and gentle. The Avon Well is in the north-west quarter of the village, at a small distance from the market cross which stands before the church, in the midst of an area

of about an acre, as deſcribed in the annexed view. Naſeby is remarkable for the excellence and number of its ſprings; not leſs than ſix having their riſe in this village. The waters, falling from the neighbouring hills, are carefully received in many places, and form ſo many reſervoirs for the conſtant ſupply of cattle in the townſhip. The lower ſpring, in Naſeby, called Warrin's Well, is ſaid to have a flavour ſo peculiarly grateful, and even an effluvia ſo inviting, that cattle are with difficulty made to paſs it without ſtopping to drink; and, when they have taſted it, they are more eager after it than any other water in the neighbourhood.

Morton, in his Natural Hiſtory of this county, ſays, "It is a blue water, in-"dicating a coal mine not far diſtant, be-"cauſe the like waters are obſerved where "the coal delves are."

NASEBY Field gives riſe to the river Nine, or Nen, at a ſpring called Chapel Well; which, paſſing Northampton, becomes navigable from thence to Wellingborough, Peterborough, &c. and falls into the ſea at Lynn. The river Iſe, or Iſebrook, likewiſe riſes from many ſprings in the north-eaſt quarter of this field, from whence it winds its courſe to Kelmarſh, &c. and joins the river Nine, near Wellingborough.

THIS field produces another ſpring, called St. Dennis's Well, about a mile weſt of Naſeby. It is remarkable for the coldneſs of its water in the ſummer months; and was formerly uſed as a bath by invalids in various chronic complaints, with conſiderable efficacy. It is now overgrown with weeds and ſedges, and is no longer reſorted to.

THE village of Naſeby ſtands nearly in the centre of this memorable field, which is

ſuppoſed to be the higheſt ground in England; for the rivers Nine, and Avon, which take their riſe in this field, diſcharge themſelves into the ſea, the former at Lynn, on the eaſtern, the latter, by the Severn, below Briſtol, on the weſtern ſide of the iſland. It is likewiſe ſaid to lie in, or very near the centre of the kingdom; which conjecture is corroborated by its name, which is derived from the Saxon word Nare, or Nave, ſignifying a centre.

The village is pleaſantly ſituated, and, from various points, commands ſeveral very extenſive and pictureſque views, in which are included near forty pariſh churches, which circumſcribe this immenſe ſpace of Naſeby field. The proſpects within the limits of the village wear a different aſpect: indigent cottagers, and clay, or earth-built huts, are the whole it preſents, and theſe, in number and wretchedneſs, are hardly to be equalled.

equalled. Naſeby church is a ſtructure of an ancient date; but at what period it was built, or who was its founder, hiſtory affords no record. The form of the tower is very ſingular, and ſtrikes the ſtranger, at firſt view, as having been left unfiniſhed, being only the half of a pyramid; but, on a cloſe inveſtigation, it does not appear that the architect intended it to have been carried higher; and indeed he hardly could have ſo done, as there does not appear a ſufficient degree of maſſiveneſs or ſtrength in the lower parts to ſupport a complete ſpire of ſtone.

Some years ago, Mr. Aſhby, lord of the manor, cauſed ſome additions, at a conſiderable expence, to be made to this tower; at the top of which is placed a large copper ball, which was brought from Boulogne, by Sir Gyles Allington, in the reign of king Henry the eighth, an. Dom. 1544. Its original

nal ſtation in this iſland, was the cupola of Sir Gyles's houſe, which he built at Horſeheath, in Cambridgeſhire. At the demolition of this manſion, it was ſold with the reſt of the materials, and purchaſed by Mr. Aſhby, as old copper. In a houſe in the village of Naſeby, built by Mr. Aſhby, I was ſhewn a large oak table, at which, tradition ſays, a party of the king's life guards were ſitting down to ſupper, the night before the battle of Naſeby, where they were ſurpriſed, and taken priſoners by Ireton, the parliament general. This tradition is corroborated by the Anglia Rediviva, publiſhed in 1647, by Joſhua Sprigge, chaplain to general Fairfax, in which we find the following paſſage: "Tidings "were brought to the general, of the good "ſervices done by colonel Ireton, in falling "into the enemy's quarters, which they had "newly taken up in Naſeby town, where he "took many priſoners, life guards, &c. &c.

PROBABLY theſe life guards were thoſe of the Prince Rupert, not the King's, as it does not appear that he ever was in the town of Naſeby. From Naſeby the river Avon winds its mazy courſe in a weſterly direction through Naſeby field towards Sulby Abbey, a diſtance of about three miles. This extenſive plain, rendered famous for its many productions of rivers and ſalubrious ſprings, is not leſs ſo from the importance of the battle there fought on the 14th of July 1645, between the Parliament Army and that of Charles the Firſt; whoſe fate was decided by that memorable event. Naſeby field is near twenty miles in circumference, and in point of ſituation is moſt excellently diſpoſed for a field of battle. The ſpot occupied by the armies was north-weſt of the town, and is eaſily diſtinguiſhed by the many hollows in which the dead were buried. The word of the day, on the ſide of the parliament, was, "*God our ſtrength*;" on that of the king,

"*God*

" *God and queen Mary.*" The particulars of this engagement are too well known to need a recital; and although its conſequences were ſuch as to produce a total overthrow of the political ſyſtem of our government, yet the effuſion of blood was ſo little proportioned to that which has been ſpilt in the ſhock of modern civil conflicts, as to render it, comparatively, only a ſkirmiſh. Fifteen hundred are ſaid to have been about the number ſlain on that day; when, as a mere prelude to conqueſt, in a neighbouring country, we find more than as many thouſands killed in a morning. We are well informed that, in the civil commotions that at preſent agitate that nation, " it has already coſt the " lives of near two hundred and twenty " thouſand men, to ſtop the progreſs of the " war in La Vendée, a very inconſiderable " diſtrict in that country."

THE graves that were dug in Naſeby field, for

for the burial of the dead (an office performed by the neighbouring country people), are ſtill viſible. Several of theſe, from being ſunk in hollows much below the general ſurface, we opened in the preſence of the Rev. Mr. Maſtyn, vicar of Naſeby; they contained many human bones, as well as thoſe of horſes, and appear to have been about five or ſix feet deep; the ſoil within is of a black and unctuous quality, evidently enriched with human ſacrifices.

Many ſtrange ſtories are told of the mode of burying the dead at that period, and of the credulity of the ignorant with reſpect to their ghoſts and ſuppoſed appearance afterwards.

The following anecdote, as applicable to the uncertain events of human life, and the hair-breadth 'ſcapes of battle, I received upon the ſpot, from the Rev. Mr.

Maſtyn, and give it to the reader in his own words. " The late Dr. Hill, rector of " Thorpe Malſon, in Northamptonſhire, " brother to Serjeant Hill, informed me, " that he had a relation, a Mr. Manſell, who " fought in the battle of Naſeby field, that " he was wounded in the breaſt, and left for " dead; and, being ſtripped to be buried, " a young woman, daughter to an apothe- " cary, happening to be upon the field, and " finding his hand to be very ſoft, exclaimed, " This certainly was a gentleman! She far- " ther obſerved, that ſhe felt a pulſe, and " conſequently that he was not quite dead. " She put off her under petticoat, and, " wrapping him in it, had him conveyed to " a neighbouring village, where he reco- " vered, and lived ſome years after. He " kept the young woman as a companion or " houſe-keeper till the time of his death, " when he left her a handſome annuity."

I CAN-

I CANNOT quit this ſubject without adverting to the chimerical conjecture of Oliver Cromwell's having been buried in Naſeby field: "Bankes, in the account of his life, "ſays, that Barkſtead, lieutenant of the "tower, and a great confidant of Crom-"well's, did, amongſt other ſuch confidants, "in the time of his illneſs, deſire to know "where he would be buried? To which the "protector anſwered, Where he had ob-"tained the greateſt victory and glory, and "as nigh the ſpot as could be gueſſed, where "the heat of action was, viz. in com. "Northamptonſhire, at midnight. Soon "after his death, the body being embalmed "and wrapped in a leaden coffin, was in a "hearſe conveyed to the ſaid field, Mr. "Barkſtead, the ſon, then about fifteen "years old, attending, by order of his "father, cloſe to the hearſe. Being come "to the field, they found, in the midſt of "it, a grave dug about nine feet deep, with

" the green ſod carefully laid on one ſide,
" and the mould on the other; in which the
" coffin being put, the grave was inſtantly
" filled up, and the green ſod laid exactly
" flat upon it, care being taken that the
" ſurplus mould ſhould be clean removed.
" Soon after, the like care was taken
" that the ground ſhould be ploughed up,
" and it was ſowed ſucceſſively with corn.
" Other material circumſtances," ſays the ſame author, " the ſaid Mr. Barkſtead, who
" now frequents Richards's coffee houſe,
" within Temple Bar, relates relative to this
" burial." Notwithſtanding this teſtimony of Mr. Barkſtead, there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe it is founded in truth. I took much pains to get ſome information relative to this occurrence; but could only learn, that tradition had pointed out a ſpot where he was ſaid to have been buried; and that a curious friend of mine, in conſequence of it, had dug there, and had diſcovered a human

ſkeleton:

ſkeleton: but that on a cloſe inveſtigation, it was found not to be the Protector, but that of a perſon who had been hung for a robbery near the ſpot, within the laſt century.

From Naſeby the Avon winds its courſe, in a weſtern direction, through part of this extenſive field, towards the ſmall remains of Sulby abbey, founded about the year 1155, by W. De Wideville, or Wevill, as a convent of the Premonſtratenſian order. At the time of its foundation, it was called Welford abbey. At the diſſolution, the clear yearly income of this abbey appears to have been £258. 8*s*. 5*d*. In the 12th of Elizabeth, the monaſtery, with other demeſnes, were granted to Chriſtopher Hatton, Eſq. in exchange for Holdenbey manor, which, on the death of the ſaid Chriſtopher, devolved to the crown. It is now a reſpectable farm houſe, and has only a few fragments

ments of old ſtone walls, decorated with heads of monks, &c. here and there ſcattered about, to indicate what was its original deſtination.

LIKE moſt other religious devotees, theſe pious recluſe appear to have taken good care that their houſe ſhould not want any of the comforts of wood and water; ſoft ſhade to cool the fervor of their devotion; and delicate fiſh to enable them to ſupport the rigours of eccleſiaſtical abſtinence.

SECTION II.

FROM Sulby abbey our gentle Avon, in a circuitous courſe, winds its way towards the village of Welford, a diſtance of near two miles weſtward. The approach to this pleaſant village from the river, yields rather an agreeable landſcape; an ancient ſtone bridge, part of the village, and the venerable tower of the church, modeſtly riſing above the neighbouring objects, combine happily, and give that ſort of view, which, being ſimple in itſelf, ſeldom fails to conſtitute elegance. The church is of very high antiquity, and is dedicated to the Virgin Mary. At the end of each aiſle is a chantery chapel, and a few ancient monuments. This church, with nine carucates of land in Sulby (viz. as much land as may be tilled in a year with one plough), were given to the convent of

Sulby

Sulby by Richard de Wideville, with the conſent of his ſuperior, lord Roger de Moubray, and confirmed to it by Richard the firſt, and Edward the ſecond in the ninth year of his reign. Croſſing the church yard, the eye is caught by an inſcription of rather a whimſical nature: it is the compoſition of a ſingular character named William Patch, who deſcribes himſelf as having, after an ineffectual ſtruggle, ſunk into the grave in conſequence of ſympathies that have not been found, at any period of hiſtory, to have greatly thinned the human race. The efforts he made are given in the following couplet:

" She firſt departed, He for a little try'd
" To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd."

WELFORD yields little, beſides its pleaſing ſituation, to attract the ſtranger, or to gratify the curious enquirer. I ſhall therefore digreſs a few miles beyond the preſent ſubject of inveſtigation toward the ancient town of Leiceſter;

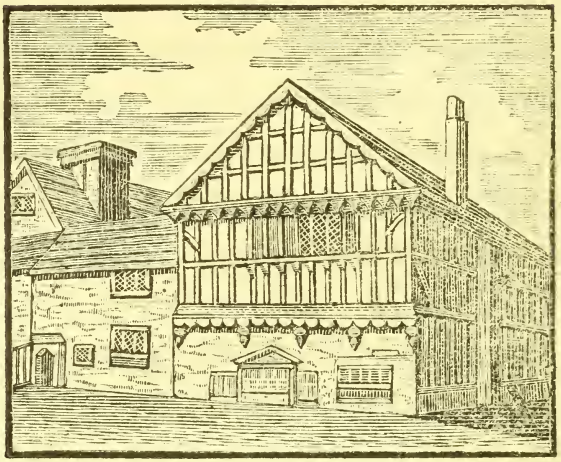
Leiceſter; and flatter myſelf, that the motive which induced me to ſtray ſo far from the banks of the Avon, will be found to carry with it my apology to the reader.

Feeling it, as I do, an intereſting duty as well as a grateful employment, to trace any thing that bears relation to the works of that immortal bard, the native of Avon's banks, I cannot forego even the ſlight opportunity that now offers.

The town of Leiceſter boaſts two curious remains which muſt be admitted to have reference to his works: the houſe and bed in which Richard the third ſlept the night before the battle of Boſworth, or rather Sutton, field. The houſe, of which the adjoining ſketch is a faithful repreſentation, is known by the appellation of the Blue Boar Inn, a name probably derived from the creſt of Richard, which was that of a boar. In

alluſion to this creſt, the lord Haſtings ſays to Cateſby,

" Stanley did dream the boar did raſe our helms,
" But I did ſcorn it, and diſdain to fly."

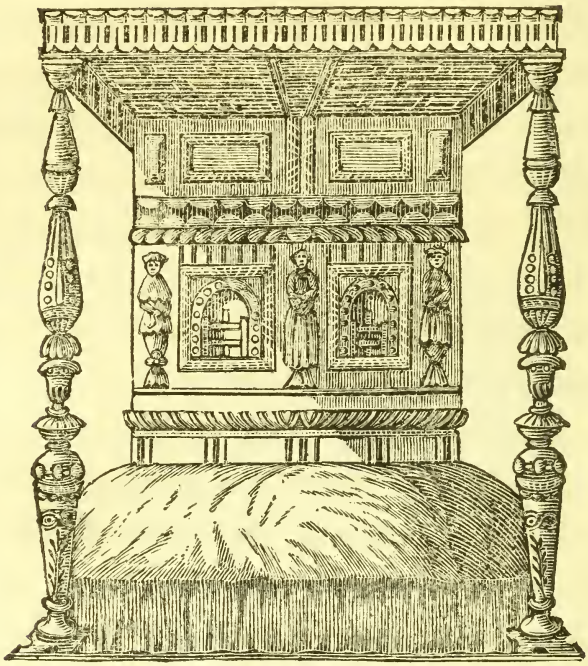


The houſe is ſtill in good preſervation, and the room in which the king ſlept, is ſo ſpacious as to cover the whole premiſes; it is ſituated on the firſt floor, agreeable to a ſtyle of building at that time very common in moſt of our ancient inns.

SHAK-

SHAKSPEARE, in introducing Richard in the tent ſcene, has, beyond a doubt, heightened the intereſting part of the tragedy, by uſing a poetical licence, though he has deviated from the firſt hiſtorical authority, from whom that inference, which is confirmed by the traditional account it obtains in the town, ſeems to ariſe. This hiſtorian, Speed, ſpeaking of his being at Nottingham at the time the news was brought of the earl of Richmond's advance to Litchfield, ſays, " Hee (the king) marchelled his fol-
" lowers; and like a valiant captaine and
" politicke leader, ſet forward his battailes,
" five and five in a rank. In the midſt of
" his troops he beſtowed his carriages, and
" himſelf mounted upon a white courſer in-
" vironed with his guard, followed by his
" footman and the wing of his horſemen,
" ranged on every ſide with a frowning
" countenance, but yet in great pompee, en-
" tered the town of Leiceſter after the ſun

" was ſet; being full of indignation and " ſwelling in anger, which ſomewhat he " aſſwaged with threat of revenge."



The bedſtead, from which the above ſketch is made, is now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Alderman Drake, who purchaſed it for about forty ſhillings of one of the ſervants of

of the forementioned Inn about twenty years ago. It is of oak, and richly carved with Gothic ornaments ſuitable to the taſte of the time, but at what period it was made, is not clearly aſcertained: though a date I am informed appeared on one of the feet, when it was laſt taken down, but no perſon had the curioſity to notice it. When purchaſed by Mr. Drake, much of the old gilding appeared about the ornaments. Some particulars of this bedſtead I alſo underſtand are preſerved in the records of the corporation.

The following brief account, is the traditional hiſtory as received on the ſpot; viz. That Richard, when travelling, always carried among his baggage this bedſtead, which, having a falſe bottom, enabled him with ſecreſy to convey his treaſure unſuſpected, and that he ſlept in it in that houſe the night before the battle. After the battle of Boſworth field, the bed remained in the houſe undiſ-

undiſturbed till the reign of James the firſt, when the then owner of it, a Mr. Clarke, or his wife, by ſome accident diſcovered a very conſiderable treaſure therein concealed. The fact remained unknown till after the death of the huſband; when, as it is proverbially ſaid of a woman, "that ſhe cannot keep a ſecret," it by ſome means or other tranſpired; and whether the maid ſervant, by any indiſcreet confidence, was made a repoſitory of this ſecret, or by any accident or obſervation was led to the diſcovery, we are told that ſhe, with the aſſiſtance of others, murdered the miſtreſs, and plundered the houſe, and were for this crime all hanged at Leiceſter. At that period the bedſtead was purchaſed by one of the ſervants of the Inn in which it ſtood till about the year 1770, when it was purchaſed by Mr. Drake, as before related.

THE ſpot whereon the battle of Boſworth field was fought, now preſents little more than

than an extenſive range of modern encloſures. Few traces of that memorable action which, by uniting the white roſe and the red, finally terminated the unnatural conteſt, that for ſo many years had made

" —— Poor England weep in ſtreams of blood!"

From tradition we learn, that Richard's army was encamped upon a hill, with the village of Sutton in his rear, and the wood covering his left flank; while Richmond's army was on the oppoſite hill, a ſpot well choſen for his ſmaller body of troops, with an extenſive wood to his right, and the marſh in his front. Norfolk ſays,

" My lord, the enemy is paſt the marſh."

Near the ſcene of action is a Well, which ſtill retains the name of King Richard's Well, there was formerly a flight of ſteps leading down to it; it is now overgrown with ruſhes, and running to waſte. About a mile

a mile diſtant, is a field called King's Field, on which Richmond is ſaid to have harrangued his ſoldiers; and near to Stoke Golding, is Crown Hill, probably the ſpot on which Henry was crowned, and below are Halloo Meadows, which probably derived the name from the ſhouts of applauſe beſtowed by his army.

We regret that the ſcenery in the vicinity of this celebrated ſpot, yields no object that is appropriate to the pencil, or that can in any degree tend to illuſtrate the page of our inſpired bard, who, in his lofty deſcription of that day, ſays,

> " The king enacts more wonders than a man,
> " Daring, and oppoſite to every danger."

And here, adverting to our Shakſpeare, I flatter myſelf that I may be permitted to expreſs the high gratification I felt in the courſe of this excurſion at Althorp, the ſeat of Earl Spencer, where I was honoured, by lady

lady Lucan, with a view of her elaborate and ſplendid illuſtrations of his work. They conſiſt of portraits in miniature, of buildings, and other objects that are handed down as genuine, and illuſtrate or refer to ſome part of his compoſitions. Theſe are finiſhed with a degree of taſte, correctneſs of deſign, and brilliancy of execution, far exceeding any work of genius of this kind that has ever fallen within my obſervation. Theſe elegant labours do not profeſs to extend beyond his hiſtorical compoſitions, and to ſuch only of them as relate to the hiſtory of our own country. It will, when completed, form twenty large and ſplendid volumes in folio, which are intended to grace the magnificent library of her ſon-in-law, the noble owner of this ſtately manſion.

Of Althorp, its ſuperb collection of pictures, or of the ſuperior taſte diſplayed in its other internal decorations, it would be

endleſs to attempt to enter into a minute detail; let it ſuffice to ſay, it is the favourite reſidence of Earl Spencer and his accompliſhed Counteſs.

We ſhall now return to Welford, and reſume the theme of our purſuit, the Avon, which, taking a weſterly courſe, bends its way through a fertile and pleaſant country towards Stanford, a diſtance of about four miles, having the villages of North and South Kilworth full in view; whoſe ſpires, occaſionally breaking upon the eye, give additional beauty to the ſcenery. The Avon enters the grounds of Stanford Hall beneath a ſpacious brick bridge of one arch, and, though but a narrow ſtream, is yet ſo artfully managed, as, in its courſe through the park, to give the idea of a navigable river. Another bridge is thrown over it within the grounds, adjoining to which it forms a beautiful caſcade; and, quitting the park, croſſes the high

high road in the village, and re-aſſumes its narrow and humble courſe. Stanford Hall, the ſeat of the very ancient family of the Caves, ſtands in a low ſituation on the ſouthern borders of the county of Leiceſter. The village of Stanford, on the oppoſite ſide of the river, is in Northamptonſhire.

The houſe is ſpacious, but wants thoſe pictorial decorations that would render it an object of attention to the traveller of taſte. On the death of the late Sir Thomas Cave, about three years ſince, many pictures were removed to the houſe of the Rev. Sir Charles Cave, of Theddingworth, in Leiceſterſhire. There is, amongſt theſe, a curious family portrait, ſome account of which may perhaps prove not unacceptable to the antiquary, and probably not unintereſting to the man of gallantry, who may be gratified in knowing the colour of the garters of our virgin Queen. I am favoured by Sir Charles Cave with the following deſcription: "The portrait is that

of Sir Ambroſe Cave, knt. who was high ſheriff for the counties of Leiceſter, and Warwick, 2d Edward the ſixth, 4th and 5th Philip and Mary, and 5th Elizabeth, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaſter, and one of the privy council to queen Elizabeth, in great eſteem with the queen, and a moſt intimate friend of the great lord treaſurer Burghley. Round his arm is tied a yellow garter. The circumſtances which gave riſe to a diſtinction ſo particular, are as follows: In the courſe of his attendance at court, on a ball night, the queen, while ſhe was dancing, happened to drop her garter; which Sir Ambroſe perceiving, immediately preſented to her; and upon her refuſing to acknowledge it, very gallantly tied it upon his left arm; declaring he would wear it for his miſtreſs's ſake as long as he lived. How long he perſevered in his reſolution, I know not, but this is the account I have always heard given of it."

Sir Ambroſe died April 2, 1568, and was buried at Stanford, where a monument is erected to his memory, which is much admired for its ſymmetry. In the church are likewiſe ſeveral other well executed monuments of the Cave family, and a conſiderable quantity of ancient ſtained glaſs, amongſt which will be found a curious portrait of the founder of the church.

This church is decorated with a handſome organ, that formerly belonged to the banquetting room at Whitehall, which, by order of Cromwell, was taken down and ſold. It was intended to be placed in the chapel of Magdalen college, Oxford, but being too ſmall, was purchaſed by the Cave family for this church.

Stanford Hall, as well as the grounds about it, require ſome external aid, ſomething from the hand of taſte to render them more

more pictureſque objects, in a ſituation ſo flat and naked, even a few groups of trees, judiciouſly diſpoſed, would add to the ſcenery. At preſent, its greateſt ornament is the beautiful ſheet of water that is formed by our Avon, and which runs at a very proper diſtance from the manſion, to make the ſcenery more complete by the additions here ſuggeſted.

About a mile below Stanford is Swinford lordſhip, of which manor the heirs of the Cave family are owners. This village has nothing to attract the notice of the curious, but a tomb, erected in the churchyard, for a ſingular character, the Rev. Mr. Stareſmore, of Catthorp, who died Jan. 1ſt, 1746. It was a cuſtom with this whimſical being, at the latter end of every year, to tie a bull-dog to every apple-tree in his orchard, for the purpoſe of terrifying robbers. The inventory of his effects, at his death, I ſhall

ſhall preſent to the reader as a curioſity, from Mr. Nichols's account of him. They conſiſt of " 30 gowns and caſſocks; 53 " dogs; 100 pair of breeches; 100 pair of " boots; 400 pair of ſhoes; 10 wigs, and " almoſt always wore his own hair; 80 " waggons and carts; 80 ploughs, and uſed " none; 50 ſaddles, and furniture for the " menage; 30 wheelbarrows; walking " ſticks ſo many, that a toyman in Lei- " ceſter Fields, bid his executors eight " pounds for them; 60 horſes and mares; " 200 pick-axes; 200 ſpades and ſhovels; " 75 ladders; 240 razors. He had £700. " a year, and £1000. in money, which (he " dying inteſtate) fell to a ticket porter in " London. He kept one ſervant of each " ſex whom he locked up every night. " His laſt employment in an evening was " to go round his premiſes, let looſe his " dogs, and fire his gun. He loſt his life " as follows: Going one morning to let out

" his

" his ſervants, the dogs fawned upon him
" ſuddenly, and threw him into a pond, where
" he was found breaſt high; the ſervants
" heard him call for aſſiſtance, but, being
" locked up, could not lend him any. His
" proverbial penury and wretchedneſs, drew
" upon him the contempt and ridicule of
" the inhabitants even of that humble vil-
" lage, who thought themſelves diſgraced
" by his meanneſs and avarice."

WITHOUT much diverſity of ſcenery, the Avon winds its courſe through a pleaſant paſture country, till it paſſes the ſmall village of Lilburn. This neighbourhood is famous for the remains of an extenſive Roman camp, which is as little impaired as can well be imagined, during the lapſe of ſo many ages. The appearance of this encampment, cloſe to the bank of our Avon, is highly beautiful; no excavation, no tree, no weed, deforms the ſurface; the whole of which

which is clothed with a moſt luxuriant and verdant turf. This ſplendid camp was indiſputably the Roman ſtation mentioned by Antoninus, in his Journey from London to Lincoln, under the denomination of Tripontium. The circular Tumulus, called by different writers, the Prætorium, Augurale, or Auguſtale, is ſixty-nine feet in height; having its baſe formed by a rampart, or vallum, waſhed on the north ſide by the river Avon.

This elevated ſpot, which commands a view of the whole encampment, was allotted to the General, the ſuperior officers, and young men of rank who ſerved as volunteers. On the eaſtern ſide of the prætorium, and adjoining to it, is the upper camp; the north ſide of which is, in like manner, waſhed by the river Avon. The northern vallum of the Prætorium, with that of the upper camp, form one line two hundred and

ſeventy-ſix feet in length. The inner vallum, or agger, of the upper camp, is only twenty-eight feet in height, being defended by the river. In this upper camp were the tents of the Tribunes, Prefects of the allies, and of the more honourable of the common ſoldiery, the Evocati, the Ablecti, and the Extraordinarii. To the ſouth of this camp and the Prætorium, is ſituated the lower camp, being ſeparated from the two former by a foſſe, of which the two ſlopes, and the bottom, taken together, meaſure eighty-four feet. This ſpace between the two camps was termed principia.

In it the tribunes adminiſtered juſtice; puniſhments were inflicted; payments were made; and the images of their gods, their altars, and the military ſtandards were depoſited. This part of a Roman encampment, ſeems, therefore, of all others, the moſt

moſt likely to reward the ſearch of the curious antiquary.

The lower camp is much larger than the upper; its ſouthernmoſt outward vallum is 258 feet in length, and the height of the inner vallum or agger is 51 feet, being the ſide oppoſite to that defended by the Avon. In this camp were ſtationed the rank and file, under the names of Triarii, Principes, and Haſtati. The whole length of the encampment meaſures, on the weſtern ſide, 336 feet, and on the eaſtern, 390. Eaſtward adjoining the lower camp, traces of the Proceſtriæ are plainly diſcoverable. Antoninus places this camp 12 miles (plus minus) from Iſaunavatia (Wedon) and nine from Vennones, (Cleybrook); and this was where the Romans placed it, and where it ſtill remains; although Camden has removed it to Towceſter, Horſley, to Buckby, and Dr. Henry to Rugby. Dr. Horſley, in his map

of Britain, gives the Roman public roads and omits the names of the leſſer towns ſituate by the ſides of the roads; he therefore ſets down Bugby, inſtead of the village of Buckby (which is between Daventry and Northampton) and Dr. Henry, conſulting all the maps of England he could meet with, could not find any ſuch town as Buckby, whoſe ſituation and name ſo nearly correſponded with that of Bugby, as Rugby; and therefore thought he had happily corrected an erratum in Horſley's map by ſubſtituting Rugby for Bugby. The identity of the ſpot receives further confirmation from the circumſtance of Antoninus's having omitted the mention of it in his journies from York, through Lincoln, to London; and from Vallum (the rampart of Severus between England and Scotland) ad Portum Ritupis (Sandwich) becauſe, had the Tripontium, like the other ſtations, been ſituated *immediately upon* the military way, it would like them

them of neceſſity have been paſſed *through* by Antoninus, and conſequently ſet down in his liſt; but, lying at ſome little diſtance, being rather more than half a mile out of his road, it was *paſſed by*, and therefore omitted. Thus the ſituation contributes to juſtify the omiſſion, and the omiſſion aſſiſts in verifying the ſituation.

This correct deſcription of the encampment will I flatter myſelf be a means of removing thoſe doubts and differences of opinion, that have exiſted among the learned for ages paſt.

About a mile diſtant from Tripontium, on the right, ſtands Coton Houſe, a ſpacious manſion of ſtone erected by Abraham Grimes, Eſq. It is ſituated on an eminence and commands an extenſive proſpect over a part of Northamptonſhire, including the conſpicuous range of hills, extending from

Da-

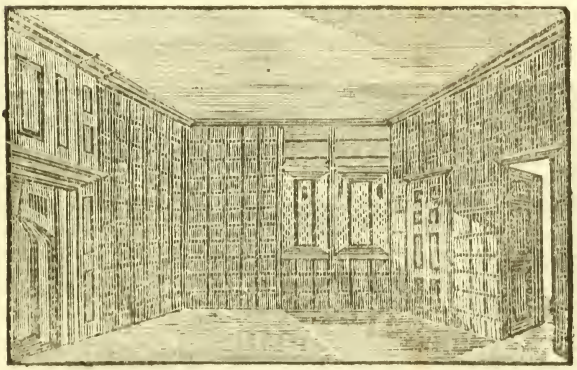
Daventry to Warwickſhire. Near the ſite of this houſe, formerly ſtood an ancient edifice, the property of Sir William Dixwell, Bart. anceſtor to its preſent poſſeſſor.

About five miles diſtant from this ſpot is Ledger's Aſhby, the ſeat of —— Aſhley, Eſq. and formerly that of Robert Cateſby, Eſq. the principal actor in that celebrated conſpiracy formed in the 2d year of James I. in 1604, and known by the name of the Gunpowder-Treaſon plot.

This venerable manſion is in a perfect habitable ſtate, although it ſeems to have received little addition, or alteration within the laſt two hundred years. It does not appear by any hiſtorical or traditional account, that at any time Cateſby received the conſpirators within this manſion, but from the general underſtanding of the neighbourhood, they met in a large apartment over the gate

at

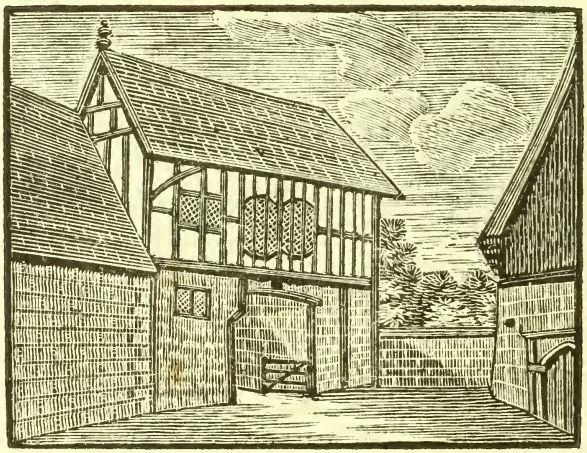
at the entrance to the houſe. Here Cateſby frequently held interviews with Piercy a deſcendant of the Northumberland family, and who appears to have been the firſt perſon to whom he imparted his intention. The inſide of the room of which the following is a ſketch, is ſpacious, and fitted up ſuitable to the taſte of thoſe times.



It is lined with old oak pannels, and has a large gothic bow window at one end of it, in which remain two or three pieces of ancient ſtained glaſs. A large ſtone chimney

ney piece is likewiſe ſtanding that accords with the ſtyle of building at or a ſhort time before that period, and remains like the reſt of the chamber with no apparent alteration ſince the beginning of the laſt century.

A SKETCH of the outſide of this room and the gateway beneath it, I have likewiſe conſidered as not unworthy a place in this work.



NOT

Not having ſeen prints of either of theſe objects before, the novelty of them may with ſome readers plead an apology for their introduction; but to the antiquary it is preſumed they will require none.

Catesby appears to have been a man of great reſpectability and property in his county, and of no mean talents. He certainly ſtood ſo high in the minds of the parties to whom he communicated his horrid deſigns, that they with a full confidence embraced, and became participators in his direful projects. In the ſpring, and ſummer of 1604, this plot appears to have been firſt divulged by Cateſby, and in all probability in this very apartment. About that period, we learn from Hume's Hiſtory of England, that "they hired a houſe in Piercy's name, adjoining to that in which the Parliament was to aſſemble, and that towards the end of that year they began their operations." For the nature and diſcovery of

this extraordinary plot, which is marked with a degree of bigotry to religious tenets, from whatever ſource derived, that is without a parallel in the annals of mankind, I refer the reader to the elegant and ſagacious author beforementioned.

WITHIN the pariſh of Aſhby-Ledgers, ſtands Aſhby-lodge, the property of George Arnold, Eſq.—The houſe, which was an old family ſeat, has received very conſiderable additions and improvements. The inducement however for introducing it in this place, is not only its having been made the repoſitory of a valuable collection of pictures, but the taſte which has been diſplayed in improving the face of the country, together with a magnificent lake which is equalled by few in this iſland.

PASSING this lake by a pleaſant and well imagined road, we are led to admire a richly varied and extenſive ſcenery, compriſing a fertile

fertile and verdant champaign country, terminated by a range of hills, that gradually recede from the eye, and melt in the ethereal diſtance:—and the rocky ſcenery, immediately through which the road is formed, powerfully arreſts our attention by its wild and rugged parts, which conſtitute a noble fore-ground to the ſurrounding landſcape.

RETURNING to our Avon, we ſhall accompany its banks to the village of Catthorpe, about a mile below Lillburn, a village although with little but its retired ſituation to render it worthy of attention, cannot yet be left unnoticed in theſe hiſtorical remarks on our gentle river. Indeed, after having ſuffered a ſingle page of this volume to be occupied by the memorials of ſuch a wretch as Stareſmore, I could as little juſtify it to myſelf, as to the public, were I here to paſs over in ſilence the elegant

and

and accompliſhed John Dyer. He was born in 1700, received his education at Weſtminſter School, under Dr. Friend, and was intended by his father to be bred up in the purſuit of his own profeſſion that of the law: but a predilection for the fine arts led him from thoſe phlegmatic and ſeverer ſtudies, to the more attracting ones of drawing and painting, in the which he is ſaid to have made conſiderable progreſs as a pupil under Jonathan Richardſon, and during his travels in this country; though he attained ſtill greater perfection in the courſe of his excurſions through Italy. Of his works however as an artiſt we know but little, he appears to have quitted that profeſſion for one more congenial to his feelings. He was delicate in his frame of body, and was by the narrowneſs of his fortune and the difficulties he encountered in the ſupport of a numerous family compelled to go into orders; and, during ſome part of the time in which

Stareſmore vegetated in this place, diſcharged there the duties of his new profeſſion, having accepted the ſcanty proviſion of the rectory of this ſmall and obſcure pariſh. Under the preſſure of the ſame difficulties, he was afterwards unhappily induced by an ampler benefice to remove into Lincolnſhire; when his feeble conſtitution ſoon yielded to the moiſt atmoſphere and damps of that country. By his poem on the ruins of Rome, to thoſe who are converſant with the higher ſpecies of poetry, the ſublimity of his genius is well known; while by the ſofter beauties of his Gronger-hill, the elegance of his mind has become familiar to all, who, with any knowledge of the Engliſh language, have the leaſt reliſh for poetry. In this work the Connoiſſeur will acknowledge, that he can trace the original bent and direction of his mind; and that it carries with it the moſt pregnant evidence of its being the production of a painter, as well

well as that of a poet. I do not heſitate to lay before my readers the following poetical epiſtle of his to a friend in town, as it is not to be met with in the common editions of his works, and as it exhibits at once a faithful portraiture of the gentle virtues of its amiable author, and a very ſtriking ſpecimen of that imitative harmony, with which his works abound more than of any of our poets.

Have my friends in the town, in the buſy, gay, town,
Forgot ſuch a man as John Dyer?
Or heedleſs deſpiſe they, or pity the Clown,
Whoſe boſom no pageantries fire?

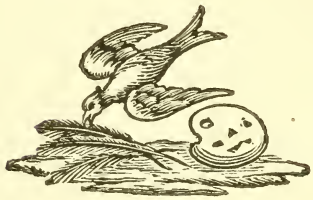
No matter, no matter—Content in the ſhades—
(Contented? Why every thing charms me)
"Fall in tunes all adown the green ſteep, ye Caſcades,"
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage ariſe, or till miſery needs
The ſwift, the intrepid avenger;
Till ſacred Religion or Liberty bleeds:—
Then mine be the deed and the danger.

Alas!

Alas! what a folly, that wealth and domain
We keep up in ſin and in ſorrow!
Immenſe is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over to-morrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
Smooth, ſhaded and quiet, and even;
While gently my body deſcends to the grave,
And my Spirit ariſes to Heaven!



SECTION III.

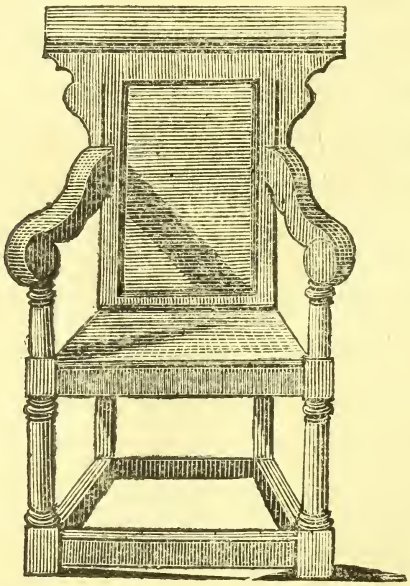
A LITTLE below Catthorp, we reach Dow-bridge, formerly the Tripontium of the Romans. This bridge was built about twenty years ſince by order of the Commiſſioners of the Turnpike-road leading from Lutterworth to Banbury. It conſiſts of five arches, which are formed of brick and ſtone Coignes. The ſcene, though ſimple, aided by a group of cattle then paſſing, had ſufficient attraction, in the meridian of a ſummer ſun, to induce us to attempt a ſketch of it, as a pictureſque view.

A LARGE ſtone, taken from the old bridge, is preſerved and placed on the centre arch, on the ſides in letters almoſt obliterated, appear the words, Warwick-

ſhire, Leiceſterſhire, and Northampton-tonſhire; this being the point where theſe three counties unite. In the place where this bridge is erected, there ſtood two ſmall ones, the larger was deſigned for carriages; the leſſer, which was evidently Roman, probably for horſe and foot paſſengers, as it had only a very low parapet, not exceeding ſix inches in height. Theſe bridges were not paſſable in times of flood, which, from the ſmallneſs of the bed of the river and the level of the valley, are here very frequent. Hence, it is not unreaſonable to conjecture, that when the Romans had a ſtation here, they muſt have had a third bridge, for the purpoſe of ſecuring to themſelves a ready communication with the adjoining country and encampment. And this idea ſeems to be ſtrongly ſupported by the name of Tripontium, given to their encampment at Lillburn, of which we treated in the laſt Section.

About one mile below this bridge, the village of Clifton appears, on the South of the Avon, on a ſmall eminence: this place derives its name from its ſituation, Clive ſignifying, in the Saxon language, not only a rocky place, but any ſhelving ground. On the oppoſite bank, about the ſame diſtance, ſtands the hamlet of Newt n, on the borders of Leiceſterſhire; a modern brick bridge of one arch is here thrown acroſs the Avon, which takes its name from this hamlet. A little below the bridge is an aquæduct that conveys the water of the Oxford canal acroſs the river Avon, and the valley through which it paſſes. At the village of Brownſover, our Avon is joined by the river Swift, which riſes near Knaptoft, in Leiceſterſhire, and taking Lutterworth in its courſe, enters Warwickſhire at Bensford bridge, over which was carried the Roman road, called the Watling-ſtreet. The Swift cannot be paſſed over without adverting to

the remarkable circumſtance of its having received the aſhes of the famous reformer John Wickliff, who died Rector of Lutterworth, in 1384. He was ſtruck with a paralyſis while preaching at his pariſh church, and as his pariſhioners were conveying him from thence in a chair to his Rectory-houſe, expired in his way thither.

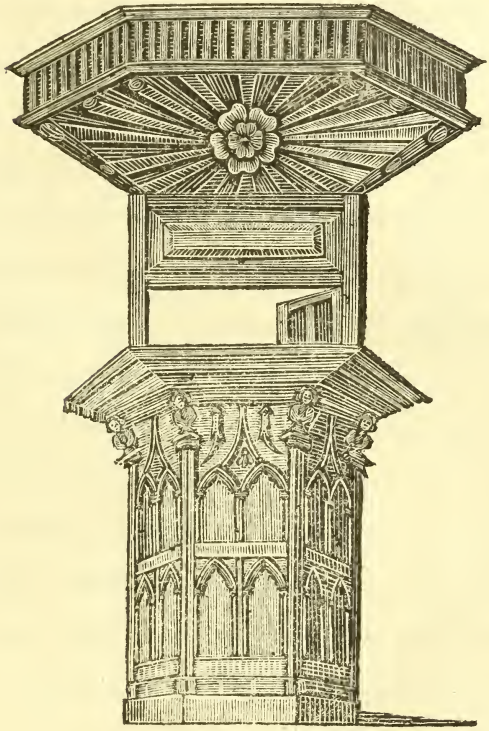


The chair yet exiſts, it is made of oak,

and

and, for the gratification of the curious, a ſketch of it is here annexed.

The body of the pulpit likewiſe remains,



but the ſounding-board which had been beaten down many years ago, when the roof of the church fell in, was removed into,

into an obſcure part of that edifice, and, although but little damaged, has been ſuffered to lie unnoticed, and a new one has been injudiciouſly erected in its ſtead. Of that fragment, I have likewiſe added a repreſentation, in which I have aimed at reſtoring it to the ſituation, in which it ſtood as a powerful inſtrument in aiding the fervid devotion of this primitive and venerable paſtor. I cannot diſmiſs this ſubject, intereſting as it is made by the relation it bears to the lives and ſufferings of thoſe undaunted and diſintereſted ſervants of their God, to whom poſterity is indebted for the purity of the Chriſtian faith, without adverting to the peculiar rancour of the Romiſh Zealots of that day, who proverbially vindictive as they may have been thought, ſeem on this occaſion to háve been inflamed with a more than ordinary and antichriſtian ſpirit, and, to have carried their reſentments beyond the grave. For in

1415,

1415, thirty-one years after he had lain quietly interred, they dug up his body, burnt the bones, and threw the aſhes into the river, at the bridge, in the lower part of the town. This acrimonious zeal of their leader, Dr. Fox, then Biſhop of Lincoln, appears to have far exceeded the orders of the pious fathers his employers, in the council of Conſtance, who only envying his repoſe in conſecrated ground, directed no more than that his remains

" Procul ab eccleſiæ ſepulturâ jactari."

On the ſouth ſide of the Avon, nearly oppoſite to the village of Brownſover, is the town of Rugby, which ſtands on an eaſy aſcent about half a mile from the river. This town is written in Domeſday-book, Rocheberie, and in later times Rokeby. In the Dictionnaire Celtique, the name is ſaid to be of Celtic origin, and derived from Ruc a river,

a river, and Bye a town, which agrees with its ſituation.

DUGDALE ſays, " here was a little caſtle at Rokeby, which ſtood about a furlong from the church northwards; as it is to be ſeen by the banks of earth, and part of the moat yet remaining." He is of opinion, that it was built in the time of King Stephen, and demoliſhed by command of King Henry II. The ſite, whereon the caſtle ſtood, is ſtrongly marked by the form and elevation of the earth and the foſſe yet remaining that ſurround it.

THESE veſtiges of antiquity terminate the encloſures adjoining the houſe of the Rev. Dr. Clare, by whoſe attention they are preſerved in ſuch a verdant and cultivated ſtate, as to render them no ſmall addition to his proſpect. The tower of the church is ſaid to have been built with part of

of the ſtone taken from the ruin of the caſtle; it is the largeſt ſtructure I remember to have ſeen, that ſtands without buttreſſes. A principal ſupport to this town is its free-ſchool, which was founded in the ninth year of Elizabeth, by Lawrence Shèriff, a grocer of London; who alſo endowed four alms-houſes in this place. The preſent head maſter, Dr. James, by his great aſſiduity, temper, and learning, happily ſupports this noble inſtitution; and which has been raiſed by his character and unremitting labours to the conſequence and eſtimation, which it at preſent holds—and here although contrary to the opinion of Dr. Henry, that no Roman ways or relics are in this place to be found, yet may Rugby boaſt of ſuperior excellencies,—the language of that nation in all its Auguſtan purity. The extenſive liberality of the founder, may poſſibly create a wiſh in the reader to know ſomething of his hiſtory: He was a native of Brown's-

over, the village we have juſt paſſed on the bank of our Avon. He was of very low origin, but, making his way to London, by application and frugality in his buſineſs of a grocer, became one of the wealthieſt citizens of his day. His conſequence at that time cannot be more fully ſhewn, than by a curious paſſage in Fox's Book of Martyrs; which although of ſome length, yet as it in a ſtrong degree exhibits the rancorous quality and character of the times and wretched policy of our rulers, may not be unacceptable to our readers at the preſent hour, in which the conduct of ſtate affairs is regulated by principles of much greater liberality.

" Soon after the ſtir of Wiat, and the " troubles that happened to Queen Mary for " that cauſe, it fortuned one Robert Farrer, a " haberdaſher of London, dwelling near un- " to Newgate-market, in a certain morning

" to

" to be at the Roſe Tavern (from whence
" he was ſeldom abſent), and falling to his
" common drink, as he was ever accuſtom-
" ed, and having in his company three other
" companions like to himſelf, it chanced the
" ſame time one Lawrence Sheriff, grocer,
" dwelling alſo not far from thence, to come
" into the ſaid tavern, and finding there the
" ſaid Farrer, (to whom of long time he
" had borne good will) ſate down in the
" ſeat to drink with him, and Farrer having
" in his full cups, and not having conſider-
" ation who were preſent, began to talk at
" large, and namely againſt the lady *Eliza-*
" *beth*, and ſaid that *Jill* hath bin one of
" the chief doers of this rebellion of *Wiatt*,
" and before all be done, ſhe and all the
" hereticks her partakers, ſhall well under-
" ſtand of it. Some of them hope that
" ſhe ſhall have the crown, but ſhe and
" they (I truſt) that ſo hope, ſhall hop
" headleſs, or be fried with faggots before
" ſhe come to it. The aforeſaid Lawrence

" Sheriff, grocer, being then ſervant unto " the lady Elizabeth, and ſworn unto her " Grace, could no longer forbear his old " acquaintance, and neighbour *Farrer* in " ſpeaking ſo unreverantly of his miſtreſs, " but ſaid unto him: Farrer I have loved " thee as a neighbour, and have had a good " opinion of thee, but hearing of thee that " I now hear, I defie thee, and tell thee I " am her Graces ſworn ſervant, and ſhe is " a princeſs, and the daughter of a noble " King, and it evil becometh thee to call " her a *Jill*, and for thy ſo ſaying, I ſay " thou art a Knave, and I will complain " upon thee. Do thy worſt ſaid Farrer: " for that I ſaid, I will ſay again, and ſo " Sheriff came from his company.

" Shortly after, the ſaid Sheriff, tak- " ing an honeſt neighbour with him, went " before the commiſſioners to complain; " the which commiſſioners ſate then at Bon- " ner's the biſhop of London's houſe, beſide " Paul's,

" Paul's, and there were preſent, Bonner
" then being the chief commiſſioner, the
" Lord Mordaunt, Sir John Baker, Dr. Dar-
" byſhire, Chancellor to the Biſhop, Dr.
" Story, Dr. Harpsfield, and others.

" THE aforeſaid Sheriff coming before
" them, declared the manner of the ſaid
" Robert Farrer's talk againſt the lady Eli-
" zabeth, Bonner anſwered, peradventure
" you took him worſe than he meant.

" YEA my Lord ſaid Dr. Story, if you
" knew the man as I do, you would ſay
" there is not a better Catholick, nor an
" honeſter man in the city of London.

" WELL ſaid Sheriff, my Lord, ſhe is
" my gracious lady and miſtreſs, and is not
" to be ſuffered that ſuch a varlet as he is
" ſhould call ſo honourable a princeſs by
" the name of a *Jill*: and I ſaw yeſterday
" in the court, that my Lord Cardinal Pool,

" meet-

" meeting her in the chamber of preſence,
" kneeled down on his knees and kiſſed her
" hand; and I ſaw alſo, that King Philip
" meeting her, made her much obeyſance,
" and that his knee touched the ground;
" and then, me thinketh, it were too much
" to ſuffer ſuch a varlet as this is to call her
" a *Jill*, and to wiſh them to hop headleſs
" that ſhall wiſh her Grace to enjoy the poſ-
" ſeſſion of the crown, when God ſhall ſend
" it unto her, as in the right of her inherit-
" ance. Yea? ſtay there, quoth Bonner,
" when God ſendeth it unto her, let her en-
" joy it. But truly (ſaid he) the man that
" ſpake the words that you have reported,
" meant nothing againſt the lady Elizabeth
" your miſtreſs, and no more do we: but
" he, like an honeſt and zealous man, feared
" the alteration of Religion, which every
" good man ought to fear: and therefore
" (ſaid Bonner) good man go your ways
" home, and report well of us toward your
" miſtreſs, and we will ſend for Farrer and

" rebuke

" rebuke him for his raſh and undiſcrete
" words, and, we truſt, he will not do
" the like again: and thus Sheriff came
" away, and Farrer had a flap with a Fox
" tail."

I CANNOT quit the neighbourhood of Rugby, without communicating ſome information I here received, on the ſubject of water freezing firſt at the bottom of rivers. I am induced to offer this in ſupport of a remark I formerly made on the ſame ſubject, with reſpect to the river Thames (vol 1. p. 35.) in the vicinity of Lechlade, in Glouceſterſhire. This part of our river is not navigable: the courſe of it is interrupted by a number of mills, and the millers have conſequently the beſt means of becoming acquainted with this phenomenon, and the more ſo, as theſe froſts ſeldom happen there more than once during a winter; and though I have met with an opinion to this effect generally circulating in this neigh-

neighbourhood, I yet altogether found my account of this ſingular proceſs of nature in her works, upon the authority of a perſon, who has occupied the mill near Rugby for almoſt forty years. He ſays that the icy particles do not in every froſt ariſe from the bottom of the river, but only in one particular kind of froſt, which the miller denominates, the *Anchor-Froſt.* The freezing commences at the bottom of the flood-gates, which he firſt becomes ſenſible of by the paſſage of the water being ſtopped at that point, and is plainly perceived at the flood-gates in its progreſs from the bottom to the top, to fill up and ſucceſſively cloſe the cracks that appear in the ſurface. They attempt to draw the ſluices, but in vain: and with no better ſucceſs endeavor with long poles to break the ice; theſe poles when drawn out of the river, are incruſted with light, hollow, and honeycombed ice: After theſe froſts the river always overflows its banks. Other maſſes of ice in various

parts,

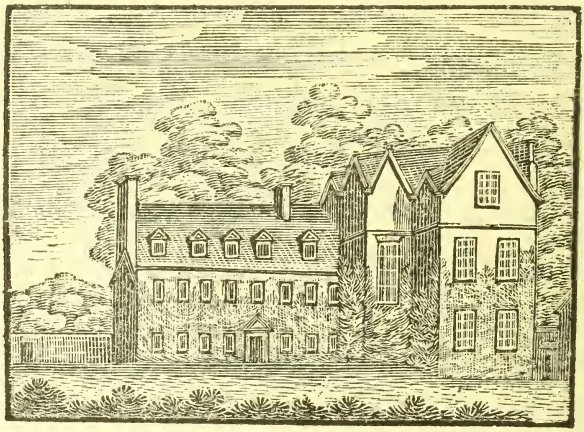
parts, riſe to the ſurface, and are brought down by the ſtream. The upper part of the water is not frozen, and by the time the ſun has been four hours above the horizon, the whole is diſſolved, and the mill no longer impeded in its operation. It may not be improper to add, that the ſame kind of froſt has been obſerved in America, and is called by the ſame peculiar name, (viz.) *Anchor Froſt.*

The accuracy of the above relation, as well as the popular opinion of a ſimilar report in other places, I cannot be miſtaken in, but its cauſes and principles I muſt leave to the diſcuſſion of thoſe, who are better ſkilled in the great ſtudy of natural philoſophy.

SECTION IV.

QUITTING Rugby we paſs a handſome modern bridge of three circular arches conſtructed of ſtone, thrown acroſs the Avon at about half a mile diſtant from the town. The river from hence winds gently through a fertile and expanded valley, till we reach the village of Newbold; which from its eminent ſituation commands a beautiful and extenſive proſpect on every ſide. The canal, that appears in the annexed view, is conducted through a ſubterraneous paſſage beneath part of the church-yard of Newbold, and from this point highly encreaſes the beauty of the ſurrounding ſcene, which includes an extended view of the meandering courſe of our gentle Avon through a verdant ſpace of fertile valleys. The ſpire of the church in the diſtance of

the landſcape belongs to the village of Bilton, which may well be conſidered as claſſical ground, having been the reſidence of Mr. Addiſon, a name that will ever be held in eſteem by the admirer of ſound criticiſm, chaſte humour, and a correct and attic ſtyle of compoſition. Veneration for the character of this eminent man leads me to view the ſituation of his retreat, which ſtands about a mile diſtant from the bank of the Avon.



The preceding view is a faithful repreſen-

preſentation of the exterior of this houſe, which though it cannot be truly denominated pictureſque, may yet have a claim to attention, as it remains preciſely in the ſtate it was at the deceaſe of its former poſſeſſor; nor has the interior ſuffered much change in its form, or decoration. The furniture and pictures hold their places with an apparent ſacred attention to his memory: among the latter, are three of himſelf, at different periods of his life, in each of which is ſtrongly marked with the pencil, the eaſe of the gentleman, and open and ingenuous character of the friend to humanity. Two good portraits are likewiſe hanging, near his own, of his friend Mr. Secretary Craggs. Some others, of Van Dyck, Van Somers, Lilly, &c. that were purchaſed by Mr. Addiſon, are to be found in other apartments ſufficient to evince that his taſte was not confined to writing alone. In the grounds a long walk of beautiful

Spaniſh

Spaniſh cheſnuts and oaks running in a ſtrait line, ſtill hold their primitive appearance; here he was accuſtomed to paſs the hours in that muſing, and in thoſe reflections, from which the public have gathered ſo rich a fruit, it retains the name of Addiſon's walk: This form of a ſtrait line, is that to which in his earlieſt youth, he ſeems to have been attached, as part of the walks in Magdalen College, which are faſhioned upon this model, ſtill paſs there under his name.

The Spaniſh oaks in theſe grounds are ſaid to have been the firſt that were planted in this country; the acorns were given to him by his friend Craggs, who brought them from Spain.

In a kind of hermitage in this walk, I found the following verſes,

« Se-

" Sequeſtered from the world, oh! let me dwell,
" With contemplation in this lonely cell
" By mortal eye unſeen, I will explore
" The various works of Nature's bounteous ſtore,
" Reviſit oft each flower whoſe bloſſom fair
" With fragrant ſweets perfumes the ambient air
" Pry into every ſhrub, and mark its way
" From birth to growth, from growth to ſure decay:
" Or elſe with humble thoughts my eyes I'll bend,
" And view the near reſemblance of my end
" Then think of death, and of eternal days
" Learn how to die, my Maker how to praiſe:
" All ways deſpiſe, that draw my mind from this,
" Then ſtrive to gain an endleſs age of bliſs."

I DO not know that theſe lines were Mr. Addiſon's, but there is ſomething in their moral turn, as well as their verſification, that renders them not unworthy a recital. This eſtate was purchaſed by Mr. Addiſon in the year 1711, of the younger ſon of Sir William Boughton, for the ſum of ten thouſand pounds; in the purchaſe he was aſſiſted by his brother Mr. Gulſtone Addiſon, Governor of Fort St. George, at Madraſs, in which

which ſtation he ſucceeded Governor Pitt, diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Diamond Pitt.

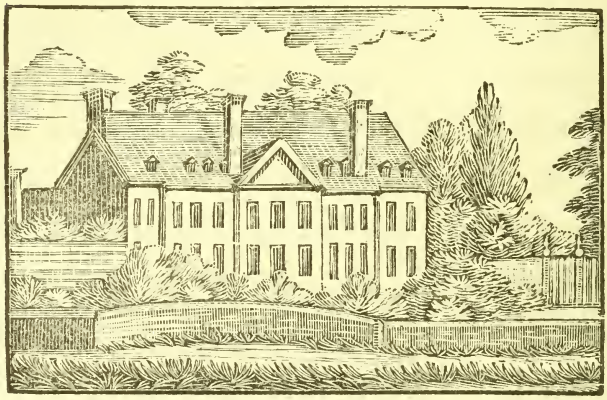
At the deceaſe of Mr. Addiſon in 1719, this eſtate came to his widow the Counteſs of Warwick, from whom it devolved on their daughter, the preſent Mrs. Addiſon, whom I had the honour of ſeeing, at this viſit, with no ſmall degree of reſpect and veneration. This lady was born about a twelvemonth before the death of her father, who as ſome vague reports in the country ſay, left a large trunk of manuſcripts, with a ſtrict injunction that they ſhould not be opened till her deceaſe; if this be true, the polite and learned, may at a future day expect what may yet further magnify the revered name of Addiſon.

To the weſtward of Bilton, the Avon directs its courſe towards Little Lawford, which

which ſtands in the pariſh of Newbold upon Avon.

APPROACHING the grounds where Lawford-hall, the ſeat of the Boughton's, formerly ſtood, we paſs the ſpot on which Dugdale ſays "there was antiently a capital "meſſuage, and divers cottages, belonging to "the monks of Pipewell Abbey." Nothing remains of theſe buildings at preſent, but a large corn-mill on the bank of the river which is directly oppoſite to the ſite of ground on which Lawford-hall ſtood till within theſe five years, when it was taken down by the late Sir Edward Boughton, Bart. from whom the manor and ſite was purchaſed by John Caldecot, Eſq. of Rugby, its preſent poſſeſſor. No part is ſtanding of this ancient ſeat but its ſtabling, which is now applied to the purpoſes of a farm-houſe.

For the gratification of the curious, the annexed ſketch of Lawford-hall is here given, as it appeared a ſhort time before it was taken down.



The fate of the late Sir Theodoſius Boughton, by the horrid machinations of Captain Donellan, who married his ſiſter, are too recent in the memory of every one to need a repetition.

In Lawford-hall, I am told, a room was preſerved as the bed-chamber of an anceſ-

tor

tor of the family, who, in the time of Elizabeth having loſt an arm, went afterwards by the appellation of one-handed Boughton. After his death, the room was reported to be haunted, and as ſuch, many attempts were made to ſleep in it, but in vain; and ſuch is the credulity of the lower people, that it was with difficulty any labourer could be prevailed on to aſſiſt in pulling it down: the ghoſt of this one-handed gentleman I was told, by perſons on the ſpot, had been frequently ſeen by their fathers, riding acroſs the neighbouring grounds in a coach and ſix, and with the ſame air of confidence, I was informed, that within the preſent century, his perturbed ſpirit had been laid by a numerous body of the clergy, who conjured it into a phial, and threw it into a marle pit oppoſite the houſe. Nor does the family ſeem to have been exempt from a ſimilar ſuperſtition and belief in ghoſts, for it is told of the late Sir Theo-

doſius's father, that, being viſited by his neighbour, the late Sir Francis Skipwith, and walking together near the marle pit, Sir Francis obſerved that he thought there muſt be many fiſh in that pond, and that he ſhould be glad to try it; to which Sir Theodoſius gravely replied; no, that I cannot conſent to, for the ſpirit of my anceſtor, the one handed Boughton, lies there.

About half a mile below this ſpot, on the bank of the Avon, ſtands the once celebrated Newnham Bath; famed for the cure of ſcorbutic and other diſorders. It is ſaid to have had great efficacy in cloſing and healing green wounds. The water is conſidered as a weak chalybeate. It has a milky taſte, and iſſues from a mineral ſpring about a mile diſtant, from whence, paſſing a lime pit, it receives its chief ſalubrious quality. This well is ſtill much frequented, and would probably be much more ſo, were the roads kept in

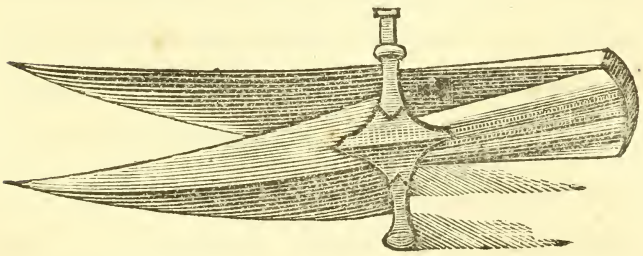
in a paſſable ſtate. The country around it is beautiful, and capable of infinite improvement. On the ſouth-ſide of the river, as we approach Newnham Regis, the village of Church Lawford, on an eaſy eminence, forms a very pictureſque object. The manor, on the attainder of the Duke of Buckingham in the 13th of Henry the Eighth, came to the crown, and was afterwards granted, by licence of Queen Elizabeth, to Thomas Leigh, Alderman of London, of whom we ſhall have occaſion to ſay more in the courſe of this undertaking. The lordſhip is the property of the Duke of Buccleugh in right of his dutcheſs: He is likewiſe proprietor of the ancient village of Newnham Regis. About a mile below this place, at a ſmall diſtance from the bank of the Avon, the town as its name imparts, appears by legal proceedings in the thirteenth of Edward the Firſt to have been in the poſſeſſion of the King. The body of the venerable chapel of

this

this place is now by order of its proprietor taking down, but the tower, I am informed, is to remain: the chapel has been long in diſuſe. In pulling down this edifice, the pavement giving way, not far from the ſurface a perfect ſkeleton, ſuppoſed to have been that of the founder, was diſcovered, and not far from it a ſeal. The altar of this church was decorated with ſome good paintings in freſco, well preſerved, which ſeem to bear the character and ſtyle of painting of the time of James I. the deſigns are made from ſubjects in the New Teſtament, and in their manner are not unlike thoſe of Reubens, but have more the air of the Italian ſchool. I have preſerved a fragment of this work as a ſpecimen. The ſame love of the arts that induced me carefully to preſerve this fragment, impels me to deviate a little from the courſe of the river to the ſeat of the ancient family of the Fieldings, Earls of Denbigh, at Newnham Padox, ſo called from the ſmall park adjoining;

adjoining; and to diſtinguiſh it from the Newnham we have juſt quitted. The preſent noble earl has ſelected, with much taſte, ſome exceeding good pictures of the old maſters, which added to the collection of family portraits by Van Dyck, pictures by Rembrandt, and other eminent artiſts, render this manſion well worthy the notice of the connoiſſeur.

Amongst other reliques of antiquity, I was ſhewn by his lordſhip the dagger with which Felton ſtabbed the Duke of Buckingham: of this dagger I have annexed a ſketch,



and with it the account given me by his lordſhip,

ſhip, which is as follows:—This dagger was brought from Southwich, the houſe of Sir Daniel Norton, within five miles of Portſmouth, where the court then, in 1628, was held, and at which place the murder was committed. The perſon, who brought it, was one Firebrace, valet de chambre to the Duke, and who was the anceſtor of the late Sir Cordel Firebrace, Baronet: it was brought to the Lady Suſannah Villers, ſiſter to the duke, who was then married to Sir William Fielding, afterwards the firſt Earl of Denbigh, and anceſtor to the preſent earl. The length of the dagger is eight inches, the blades near four and a half, the breadth of it near the handle, which is of ivory, one inch and a half: the inner ſides of the blades and handle, are flat, and move on two ſmall pivots, which give firmneſs to the gripe when the blades are opened. There can be no doubt but that this traditional account has been handed down from generation to gene-

ration,

ration, in this very antient and illuſtrious family, but as the inſtrument with which this bloody act was perpetrated, is very differently deſcribed by ſo very reſpectable authors as Lord Clarendon, Sir Simon D'Ewes, and Dr. Wotton (none of whom appear to have had any communication with each other, and one of whom aſſerts that it was bought of a cutler, on Tower-hill, for ten-pence) from this contradictory teſtimony the public muſt be left to draw their own concluſions.

From Newnham Regis the river Avon, with little diverſity of ſcenery, runs nearly in a ſtrait direction, till we reach Bretford bridge, a diſtance of about two miles. This antient ſtone ſtructure is in the Gothic ſtyle, and conſiſts of five arches. The bridge, though a conſpicuous object on our river, is yet unaccompanied by any ſuch feature in landſcape as can give it a claim to the appellation of pictureſque or beautiful. In this place there

was formerly a ſmall cell for nuns, founded by the ſon of Geffery Clinton, who erected the Caſtle and Priory of Kenilworth, but the firſt votreſs not liking the ſituation, ſhe paſſed away the lands to the canons of the laſt mentioned place.

SEC-

SECTION V.

COMBE Abbey, the venerable reſidence of Lord Craven, is about two miles north of the Avon from Bretford Bridge. So ſtately a pile of building, though not immediately on the bank of the river, may yet be conſidered as one of its great ornaments.

THE ſmall ſcale on which the annexed view is made, though it does not admit of a very minute or detailed repreſentation, will yet, from its fidelity, give a general idea of the place.

THIS Abbey was founded in the reign of King Stephen, by Richard de Camvill, a man of great piety, and a warm friend to the Ciſtercian monks, a religious order then newly tranſplanted into England. For the main-

tenance of this inſtitution, the founder gave unto Gilbert, abbot of the monaſtery of our bleſſed Lady of Waverly, in Surry, his lordſhip of Smite, which he and his heirs held of the King, by the ſervice of a knight's fee. The abbey derives its name of Combe, or Cumbe, from the Saxon, and in that language ſignified a hollow, or a valley: Cwmm likewiſe, in the Britiſh, implies Vallis, or Convallis; and the word Cumbe is to this day uſed as a provincial name, in the north of England, for a hollow veſſel of wood in which it is uſual to ſteep barley, or malt.

From Dugdale it appears, that the monaſtery of Waverly, in Surry, was the firſt inſtitution of this order in our country; and in ſupport of this idea, he introduces the following quaint lines of our old poet, Robert of Glouceſter:

" Houſes of religion, as I ſeide or I wene,
" Kynge Henry lovede moche as hit was wel ſene,

" For

" For the ordre of Gray Monkes thorwg then men brougt
" Furſt here into Englonde, and peraventer men him biſougt
" As in the abby of Waverle that hit furſt become,
" As in the eigte and twenty yeer of his Kyngdome."

This order was originally eſtabliſhed under the auſpices of the Duke of Burgundy, in 1098, at a place called Ciſtieux, from whence it derives its name.

It may not be thought unintereſting, perhaps, if we advert to the hiſtory and uſages of this auſtere claſs of monks, who, by the rules of their order, were not permitted to wear either leather, linen, or fine woollen cloth; nor, except on a journey, to put on breeches, and theſe, on their return, they were compelled to deliver up cleanly waſhed. Thus we find that the Sans Culottes of a neighbouring country are not the firſt of that order; and though their armies under that denomination have increaſed ſo wonderfully

fully in number, as to aſtoniſh all Europe, yet it appears that the ſans-culotted Ciſtercians multiplied in a proportion nearly ſimilar: for this order, which with us originally conſiſted of only twenty-one monks, did, within fifty-five years, increaſe ſo rapidly as to produce ſcarcely leſs than five hundred abbies, and, no doubt, according to the habit of the order, in equal ratio "Monks, and "friars, white, black, or grey, with all their "trumpery." The alarming acceſſion to this increaſe of church militants, occaſioned a general chapter of the abbots and biſhops to be convened, in which it was ordained, that no further endowments of that order ſhould be permitted.

SOME part of the original Ciſtercian foundation of Combe Abbey may be ſtill remaining; but, venerable as the older parts of the building appear, they are yet, I preſume, of a more modern date. This edifice has

has of late years been preſerved with the utmoſt care and attention; and the principal front and cloyſters, by the taſte and judgment of the architect in conducting the repairs, ſtill retain their ancient and Gothic ſtyle.

The internal part of the cloyſters, indeed, have undergone ſome very material changes from their original deſtination; for, inſtead of crucifixes, holy water, and ſaints bowing under their own, or the iniquities of their worſhippers, we now find their places ſupplied by the horns of animals of every denomination, from the days of Nimrod to the preſent.—Within this venerable building are many noble and ſpacious apartments, decorated with pictures of ſo ſuperior a claſs as to render them worthy the attention of the connoiſſeur; while others, of a more curious kind, will be found not leſs attractive to the antiquary.

The weſtern front of this building is from a deſign of Inigo Jones, and is not unworthy his name. From the apartments in this aſpect, the views are beautiful; and in one of them, which includes the antient city of Coventry, the elegant ſpire of its principal church forms a very ſtriking feature: the eaſy winding of a ſpacious ſheet of water, upwards of two miles in length, that runs at a proper diſtance from the front of the abbey, highly enriches the ſcenery of the very extenſive park in which this antient manſion ſtands. Returning towards the Avon, we paſs the village of Brinklow, where formerly ſtood an antient caſtle belonging to the Mowbrays, of which there are ſcarcely any veſtiges. The famous John Rous, the antiquary mentioned in a former ſection, was deſcended from an antient family of that name, who were natives of this town. The remains of a Roman encampment at Brinklow, are yet exiſting, and in a more perfect

ſtate

ſtate than might be ſuppoſed from the lapſe of ſo many ages: they ſtand upon the Roman foſſe way; and the eminent ſituation of the Prætorium commands a very beautiful view of Warwick, Coventry, and the ſurrounding country. This encampment is about one mile above Bretford Bridge; from which place the river, in an eaſy and narrow channel, purſues its courſe towards Wolſton, a diſtance of about two miles. The ſcenery on the approach to this place is peculiarly attractive: in the fore ground is an antient ſtone bridge, with a gentle fall of water iſſuing through one of its arches; while the venerable tower of the church, riſing in a due diſtance, is happily relieved by the diverſified ſcenery in the grounds of Gen. Scott, through which the gentle Avon winds its eaſy and ſerpentine courſe.

Opposite to Wolſton, on the ſouthern

bank of the river, is another remain of a Roman encampment, many parts of which ſtill appear in great perfection. Here was antiently a caſtle, of which there are now but few fragments. In the reign of Henry I. it is recorded that military ſervice was performed here, and that it was denominated Brandon, or Brandune caſtle. We find, in the reign of Henry III. a ſpecial grant to Nicholas de Verdon, empowering him to erect a gallows at Bretford, being one, as it ſhould ſeem, in the number of royal privileges appertaining to his caſtle of Brandon. Delegations of authority, in theſe times happily beyond, and ought never to have been annexed to military command.

About a mile below Wolſton is Brandon mill, employed in making a coarſe brown paper for the uſe of hot-preſſers: it ſtands on a branch of the Avon, about a quarter of a mile

mile from the main ſtream. Ricton church, a ſmall diſtance from the Avon, is ſituated on an eminence, and commands a very extenſive and diverſified proſpect. A bridge is built acroſs the river in this vicinity, and takes its name from the village, over which the high road leads from London to Coventry: from the latter place it is diſtant about ſix miles.

Two miles and a half from hence, we paſs the pleaſant village of Bubnell, or, as it was antiently written, Bubenhalle. Below this place is a handſome ſtone bridge, which bears the name of Broken Bridge; but its perfect ſtate of repair would rather lead to a conjecture that its proper appellation ſhould have been Brooks Bridge. The Avon from hence enters Stonely park, where a handſome ſtone bridge of four arches, thrown acroſs it, is called Cloud Bridge, and ſeparates Bubnell from the village of Starton. The

name of this bridge is from Clude, which, in the Saxon language, ſignifies a rocky ſituation. In this neighbourhood there was antiently a hermitage, and a chapel, at which, ſays Dugdale, Edmund the hermit ſerved, for whoſe maintenance certain parcels of land lying in Starton, were given by William, ſurnamed Haſteler, brother to one Simon, cook to King Henry I. Edmund was buried in the chapel here, but his ſhrine was not able to protect it from being burnt and pillaged by thieves. After this ſacrilege, the honeſt prior of Kenelworth entered upon the lands, and appropriated the whole of them to the uſe of that monaſtery. Thus the ruin which was effected by one ſet of Marauders, was fully accompliſhed by one of thoſe who, though not in profeſſed habits of rapine and plunder, have too often been found little better than wolves in ſheeps' cloathing.—This ſame worthy prior, we find, was preſented by the hundred, in the twenty-

ſixth

ſixth year of Edward III. for not keeping the antient bridge of Clude in repair, as his predeceſſors had done time out of mind; but the goodly prieſt, having proved that "no "certain perſon was obliged to repair it, in "regard it had been built by the hermit as "aboveſaid, and moreover that there being "another bridge near at hand, there was no "neceſſity to keep up this, he was ac-"quitted."

In the midſt of Stonely park, about a mile from Cloud bridge, is another ſtone ſtructure, built acroſs the Avon, conſiſting of three arches, erected in 1674. Not far from hence our ſtream receives the aid of the river Sow, which riſes in Staffordſhire, and paſſing the neighbouring village of Stonely, beneath a ſpacious bridge, enters theſe beautiful grounds, where, by art, it is ſpread into a conſiderable breadth of water. Stonely derives its name from the quality of the ſoil

on

on which it ſtands, which is of a rocky nature. In this neighbourhood William the Conqueror had feeding for two thouſand hogs. The ſingular cuſtoms appertaining to this manor, are ſpecified by Dugdale, to whom I refer the curious reader. The additional breadth which this ſtream, by its ſkilful management, has obtained, gives it, at its firſt approach to the abbey, the appearance of a ſpacious navigable river.

STONELY abbey was founded in 1154, the firſt year of Henry the Second, as a monaſtery for monks of the Ciſtercian order. Three ſides of the quadrangle of this venerable abbey are yet ſtanding; the fourth was taken down on erecting the preſent manſion, which was built from the deſign of Mr. Smith, of Warwick, in the beginning of the preſent century. The Grand Façade is a regular and handſome piece of architecture, of the Corinthian order; but it has, by ſome

ſtrange

ſtrange fatality that I am ſorry to ſay attends many of our capital buildings, been totally miſplaced. It ſtands not where the grand front ſhould be, but as a ſide front, or rather the gavel end, by which means the river paſſes ſome of the out offices, and inferior parts of the manſion. The apartments within the new building are ſpacious, and thoſe of the antient abbey that remain are uſed as bed chambers and out offices. The groien'd arches beneath the abbey are in perfect repair, and make as excellent wine cellars now, as they ever did in the time of the good fathers, their former poſſeſſors; of whoſe charity, whatever may have been ſaid, we are happy in according with the general voice, that they are every way exceeded by the munificent lady its preſent owner; who, without the auſterities or obligations of a religious order, fulfils all its duties, and more than equals all its virtues.

THE only part of the antient building, that appears in the annexed view, is the gate houſe, which, Dugdale ſays, was built by the ſixteenth abbot, who died in 1349. On the front there is yet remaining a large eſcutcheon of ſtone, whereon three lions paſſant gardant are cut, with a lion paſſant gardant upon a helme, ſet on the corner of the ſhield, according to the faſhion of that time wherein he lived. This badge he fixed here in memory of King Henry the Second, the founder of this abbey. The annexed ſketch will give a general idea of this venerable fragment of antiquity, which is ſtill in perfect good condition. The following is a compendious account of the hiſtory of this abbey, and is thus given by Dugdale, " at " the time when the monaſtery was founded.

" There were, in the manour of Stonely, " ſixty-eight villains, beſides two prieſts; " alſo four bondmen, or ſervants, whereof " each

" each held one meſs, and one quartrone of " land, by the ſervices of making the gal- " lows, and hanging of thieves; every one " of which bondmen was to wear a red clout " between his ſhoulders, upon his upper gar- " ment." After ſpeaking of ſeveral of the abbots of the monaſtery, Dugdale comments upon the conduct of one Thomas de Pipe, the then abbot, in the thirty-eighth of Edward the Third, with a merited degree of aſperity. This ſpiritual ſuperior, to the great injury of thoſe for whom he was entruſted, granted eſtates to divers perſons for lives, without reſerving any rent whatſoever: and the ſums for which theſe grants were made, are alledged to have been for the ſupport of his concubine, Iſabella Beaſhall, from whoſe intercourſe with the holy father, there had, as report ſays, proceeded images of his Maker, more in number than there were monks in the monaſtery. He farther remarks, that he was a man of notable parts in other reſpects, and deſerved very well of the houſe.

By the ſurvey taken in the twenty-ſixth year of Henry the Eighth, the revenue of this abbey was certified to be one hundred and fifty-one pounds, three ſhillings, and a penny. It was ſuppreſſed in the following year by act of parliament, at which time the monks were for the moſt part diſpoſed of to other religious houſes that then remained undiſſolved; and Thomas Tutbury, the then abbot, had a penſion of twenty-three pounds per annum aſſigned to him during his life. Upon the diſſolution it was granted, in the thirtieth year of Henry the Eighth, to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and afterwards through ſeveral hands paſſed to Sir Thomas Leigh, Knight, alderman of London, in whoſe family it has continued ever ſince. The preſent poſſeſſor is the honorable Mrs. Leigh, ſiſter to the late owner, Lord Leigh.

The ſituation of this abbey is truly beautiful; the Avon, winding before the houſe at

at a proper diſtance, ſupplies the corn and fulling mills, whoſe diſtant ſound, aided by the ruſhing waters falling from the ſtream, contribute in no ſmall degree to render a complete landſcape delicious to a reflecting and contemplative mind.

From this charming ſpot, the river Avon, gliding through the park, winds its eaſy courſe amidſt the adjoining fertile meadows for a ſpace of about a mile, till it reaches Chesford bridge, at which place we ſhall take leave of its bank, to meditate on the noble ruins of the once magnificent Kenelworth caſtle.

SECTION VI.

THE ſuperb ruins of Kenelworth caſtle are about two miles from the bank of our Avon, and there are not to be found in this kingdom many ſuch ſpecimens of antient ſplendor and magnificence. This caſtle was built in 1120, by Geoffrey de Clinton, a Norman, who was Lord Chamberlain, and Treaſurer to King Henry the Firſt. From the many points in which this ſtupendous pile may be viewed, and viewed to advantage, I have ſelected the annexed ſketch, as compriſing the moſt extenſive aſſemblage of objects capable of giving a general idea of its conſequence. It preſents an internal view of the north front, including the great gate houſe, built by Lord Leiceſter; through the center of which the grand entrance was formerly made, under a ſpacious

arch

arch that is now walled in. This building contains two large rooms on the ground floor, one of which is wainſcotted with oak, taken from that part of the caſtle called Leiceſter's buildings. In this apartment is a ſpacious chimney piece of alabaſter, with the armorial bearings, motto, and creſt of the family, fancifully diſplayed in no indifferent ſtyle of ſculpture. The great central building in the view is what is called Cæſar's Tower, which, though the moſt antient, is by much the ſtrongeſt and moſt perfect part of theſe venerable ruins. Three ſides of the walls yet remain nearly entire; the fourth was deſtroyed in the time of the civil wars, a period, the principles and energies of which contributed, in no ſmall degree, towards bringing to a juſter level the cloud-capt ambition of theſe towering palaces, and their loftier inhabitants. The walls of this tower are in many parts ſixteen feet thick. The building to the left is

called

called Leiceſter buildings, which, though the moſt modern erection, is yet approaching neareſt to decay. This may in ſome meaſure ariſe from the brown and periſhable ſtone of which it is conſtructed, but principally from the depredations that have been made on it, for the ſake of the materials, which have either been applied in raiſing new buildings, or in repairing the roads in the neighbourhood.

Extensive and magnificent as theſe ruins appear to be, and intereſting as they certainly are, to the curious obſerver, they yet fail in fixing determinately the eye of the artiſt, which is conſtantly wandering, and knows not where to reſt, but fancies a thouſand beautiful combinations for a picture, that, when attempted to be put on paper, are found to want ſomething neceſſary towards producing a true pictureſque effect. The main objects are too much ſcattered

and

and broken to form one general maſs or combination that may ſtrike, and the whole pile wants due elevation to give it pictorial expreſſion. The country around is likewiſe flat and unintereſting; yet, with all its diſadvantages, the mind is ſo captivated by the ſurrounding features of the landſcape, that it knows not how to quit this faſcinating ſcene. Under this impulſe, I made ſeveral other attempts to ſketch theſe noble remains in various points of view; but they all fell ſo ſhort of the general idea I entertained of the place, that I deſiſted, and was determined to reſt on the one prefixed to this ſection.

The view which compriſes Cæſar's tower and Leiceſter buildings, cannot, by the curious traveller, be paſſed unnoticed; the latter is overgrown with ſhrubs and ivy, in a form peculiarly diverſified, and preſents an object highly pictureſque and

and romantic. The ſplendid remain of the grand banquetting hall in Leiceſter buildings, is eighty-ſix feet in length, and forty-five in width. Beneath one of the windows, in the outer part of this building, is affixed a flat ſtone, on which appears the date 1571. This hall conſtituted the principal part, in point of magnificence, of this once ſtately manſion. The venerable Gothic groined arches, and beautiful antique fragments, the lofty and once ſtately windows, now fallen to decay, cannot but yield a melancholy ſenſation to the contemplative mind, ſuggeſting the ſlow but ſure decay of human greatneſs, and the futility of every object on which the pride of man ſeems to depend.

In this temper of mind let us turn our thoughts to the once flouriſhing ſtate of this ruin, in the baronial reign of our Elizabeth. At that period we find it recorded, in a letter

written by one Langham, an attendant of the court and who was preſent at the entertainment given at Kenelworth caſtle by the Earl of Leiceſter to the Queen, during her ſummer's progreſs in 1579. In the quaint ſtyle of the times, it runs thus: " Who that conſiderz untoo the ſtately ſeat " of Kenelwoorth caſtl, the rare beauty of " bilding that his honor hath avaunced; all " of the hard quarry ſtone: every room ſo " ſpacioous, ſo well belighted, and ſo hye " roofed within: ſo ſeemly too ſight by due " proportion without: a day time on every " ſide ſo glittering by glaſſes; a nights, by " continuall brightneſſe of candel, fyre, " and torch-light, tranſparent thro' lyght- " ſom wyndoz, az it wear the *Egiptian* " *Pharos* relucent unto all the *Alexandrian* " coaſt: or els (too talke merily with my " mery freend), thus radiaunt, az thoogh " Phœbus for hiz eaz woold reſt him in the " caſtle, and not every night ſo to travel

" dooun

" dooun untoo the *Antipodes*. Heertoo ſo
" fully furniſht of rich apparell and uten-
" ſilez apted in all pointes to the beſt."

Her Majeſty's introduction to the caſtle has ſomething ſo truly whimſical in it, that I cannot paſs it unnoticed. " Her " Majeſtie benignly accepting, paſſed foorth " untoo the next gate of the brayz, which " for the length, largenes, and uſe (as well " it may ſo ſerve), they call now the tylt- " yard, whear a porter, tall perſon, big of " lim, and ſtearn of coountinance, wrapt alſo " all in ſylke, with a club and keiz of quan- " titee according, had a rough ſpeech full of " paſſions in meeter aptly made to the pur- " poſe: whearby (as her Highnes was cum " within his warde) hee burſt out in a great " pang of impatiens to ſee ſuch uncooth " trudging too and fro, ſuch riding in and " out, with ſuch dyn and noiz of talk with- " in the charge of his offis: whearof hee

" never ſaw the like, nor had any warning
" afore, ne yet coold make too himſelf any
" cauze of the matter: at laſt upon better
" vieu and aviſement, az hee preaſt too cum
" neerar, confeſſing anon that he found
" himſelf pearced at the prezens of a per-
" ſonage ſo evidently expreſſing an heroical
" ſoveraintee over all the whole eſtates, and
" by degreez thear beſyde, callm'd his ſto-
" niz, proclaims open gates and free paſſage
" to all, yeelds up his club, his keyz, his
" office and all, and on his knees humbly
" prayz pardon of hiz ignorauns and impa-
" ceens: which her Highneſs graciouſlie
" graunting, he cauz'd hie trumpetoourz
" that ſtood upon the wall of the gate thear,
" too ſoound up a tune of welcum."

From this grand hall the north paſſage leads to the garden, or, as it was antiently called, the Plaiſance. This ſpot, containing an acre, or more, and joined to the park by a bridge,

bridge, is thus deſcribed by the ſame writer: "The left arm of the pool, northward, has "my Lord adorned with a beautiful brace-"let of a fair timbred bridge, fourteen feet "wide, and ſix hundred feet long, railed on "both ſides, and ſtrongly planted, with "a ſpacious terrace extending along the "caſtle wall ten feet high, and twelve "broad." Of this garden no traces are remaining. A capacious lake formerly ſurrounded the ſouthern, weſtern, and part of the northern walls of the caſtle: it is now nearly dried up, and in a ſtate little ſuited to the repreſentation of thoſe ſplendid pageantries which the ſame old author tells us were exhibited by her favourite Leiceſter to Elizabeth. "The lady of the lake (famous "in King Arthurz book), with too nymphes "waiting her Highneſs comming: from the "midſt of the pool, whear, upon a moovabl "*iſland*, bright blazing with torches, ſhe "floting to land, met her Majeſtie with

"a well

" a well penned meeter and matter after this
" ſort, (viz.) Firſt of the anncientee of the
" *caſtle*, who had been ownerz of the ſame
" e'en 'till this day, moſt alweys in the hands
" of the Earle of Leyceſter; hoow ſhee
" had kept this lake ſinz King *Arthurz*
" days; and now underſtanding of her
" Highneſs hither cumming, thought it
" both office and duetie, in humble wize to
" diſcover her and her eſtate; offering up
" the ſame, her lake and poowr therein,
" with promiſe of repayre unto the coourt.
" It pleazed her Highneſs too thank this
" lady, and too add withall, we had thought
" indeed the lake had been oourz, and doo
" you call it yourz now? Well, we will
" herein commun more with yoo here-
" after.

" This pageant was cloz'd up with a
" harmony of hautboiz, ſhalmz, cornets,
" and ſuch oother looud muzik, that held
" on

" on while her Majeſtie pleaſauntly ſo
" paſſed from thence toward the *caſtl* gate;
" whereunto from the baze coourt over a
" dry valley caſt into a good foorm, waz
" thear framed a fayr bridge of a twenty foot
" wide, and a ſeaventy foot long, graveld for
" treading, railed on either part with ſeaven
" poſts on a ſide, that ſtood a twelve foot a
" ſunder, thickned betweene with well pro-
" portioned pillars turn'd."

At this ſtrange and whimſical entertainment, yet perhaps the moſt ſumptuous that ever was offered by a ſubject to his ſovereign, we find a Captain Cox appears to have been no inconſiderable actor; he is deſcribed, by Langham, as an " od man, by profeſſion a " maſon, and that right ſkilfull and with " great overſight in matters of ſtorie." His library of romantic and humorous books is there mentioned, and is of ſuch a length as almoſt to diſturb the peace, at leaſt to ſet an itching

itching the fingers of our black letter collectors, "Then," ſays our author, "he "could talk az much in an afternoon "without book az any inholder betwixt "Brainford and Bagſhot, what degree "ſoever he be. Beſides thiz, in the field a "good marſhall at muſters; of very great "credite and truſt in the toun here; for he "haz been chozen aleconner many a year, "when his betterz have ſtond by; and ever "quitted himſelf with ſuch eſtimation, az "yet too taſt of a cup of nippitate; hiz "judgment will be taken above the reſt "in the pariſh, be hiz noze near ſo read.

"Captain Cox cam marching on ſo va-"liantly before, cleen truſt and gartered "above the knee, all freſh in a velvet cap "(Maſter Golding a lent it him), flooriſh-"ing with hiz ton ſwoord; and another "fens maſter with him: thus in the for-"ward making room for the reſt. After

"them,

" them, proudly prickt on formoſt the " Daniſh launce Knights on hoſbak, and " then the Engliſh:" after which tilting enſues, in which the Danes had twice the better, but in the end are victorious.

We have ſaid thus much of Captain Cox, as he appears to have been a perſon of ſuch notoriety in the time of Ben Johnſon, as to render him a fit ſubject for his pen fifty years afterwards; for in his Maſque of Owls, at Kenelworth, preſented by the ghoſt of our hero mounted on his hobby horſe, he ſays,

This captain Cox, by St. Mary,
Was at Bullen with King Hary;
And (if ſome do not vary)
Had a goodly library,
By which he was diſcerned
To be one of the learned
To entertain the Queen here
When laſt ſhe was ſeen here.

And for the town of Coventry
To act for her ſovereignty.
And for his ſake the play
Was call'd for the ſecond day.

ADJOINING to the church of Kenelworth ſtood the monaſtery, founded about the ſame period with that of the caſtle, and by the ſame Geoffrey de Clinton, from whom it had large endowments and privileges: they were no leſs than a tenth part of all the eatables that were brought into the caſtle; a right to fiſh in his pool at Kenelworth with boats and nets one day in every week; together with all his lamb ſkins throughout every his manours, as well thoſe as ſhould be killed to eat, as of others that might die caſually.

OF this priory little remains but a fragment of the wall, which is ſufficient to denote its former extent. Part of the chapel, and a venerable ruin of the old priory gateway, called,

called, I know not why, Tantarra, is annexed in the following ſketch.

Of this Gothic entrance there remains ſufficient yet to give pleaſure to the eye of the antiquary, and to recommend it to general notice. Within the laſt two months, in digging in this vicinity, ſome valuable fragments of the foundation have been diſcover-

ed, and, apparently, part of an aiſle, or probably a cloiſter, appertaining to the abbey; the ornaments of the pillars, with their baſes and capitals, appear to have been in a good ſtyle of Gothic architecture, and are ſcattered round the ground that has been dug up; but this diſcovery does not appear to have been taken up with that avidity which might be expected to attend a learned and curious purſuit, but ſeems rather to have been the effect of accident, and is not likely to be purſued to the extent which ſuch veſtiges of antiquity would have well warranted.

We ſhall now quit theſe venerable walls and returning to Chesford bridge, reſume the ſubject of the Avon. This bridge is an antient ſtone ſtructure of two circular arches. Though at the diſtance of eight miles from Combe abbey, it was formerly kept in repair by the abbot of that religious houſe, and is ſtill preſerved from dilapidation by Lord Craven,

Craven, the preſent owner of the abbey. From hence the river gently winds its courſe towards Blakeſdown mill, a diſtance of about a mile. Adjoining to the miller's ſequeſtered retreat, which is overgrown with vines and ivy, is a handſome bridge; through part of which the reſtrained water from the adjoining ſtream falls in a gentle caſcade into the Avon. This beautiful ſcene, heightened by the lengthening ſhadows, reflected on the boſom of our river by a glowing evening ſun, preſents one of the moſt ſimply elegant forms of landſcape that has occurred in purſuing the various windings of its banks,

"And ſoothes with many a penſive pleaſure mild."

From the reflections that would naturally ſuggeſt themſelves to a contemplative mind in a retreat ſo calm and tranquil as to give the image of genuine and truly philoſo-

loſophical happineſs, one might be led to aſk why man ſhould with ſuch eager and reſtleſs ambition buſy himſelf ſo often in the ſmoke and buſtle of populous cities, and loſe his independence and too often his peace in the purſuit of a phantom which almoſt eludes his graſp—little thinking that with the accumulation of wealth he muſt create imaginary wants, under which perhaps that wealth melts away as certainly as under the more ready inlet of inordinate paſſion happineſs is ſacrificed.

The valleys through which the Avon purſues its meandering courſe after paſſing this charming ſcene, increaſe in richneſs, and verdure, and the country on the other ſide is beautifully ſcreened by the luxuriancy of the neighbouring hills, on one of which the village and church of Hill-Wootton agreeably meets the eye, and gives additional luſtre

luſtre to the ſcenery. Approaching Guy's Cliff the admirer of elegant nature cannot avoid being ſtruck with the happy combination of objects that preſent themſelves. From the annexed ſketch the reader will beſt form his judgment of the merit of the ſelection.

THIS charming ſpot is the property and reſidence of Mr. Greatheed whoſe ſuperior taſte, and claſſic mind, is happily formed for the enjoyment of this elegant retreat of which Leland ſays in his Itinerary, made in the time of Henry the Eighth, that it is a houſe of pleaſure, a place meet for the Muſes,

" Nec non ſolitudo et quies Muſis amiciſſima."

GUY'S CLIFF is ſituated on the weſtern bank of the river Avon. Dugdale ſays " it " was made choice of by that pious man

" St.

" St. Dubritius (who in the Britons time
" had his epiſcopal ſeat at Warwick,) for a
" place of devotion, where he built an ora-
" tory, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen;
" unto which, long after, in the Saxon
" dayes, did a devout hermite repair; who,
" finding the natural rock ſo proper for his
" cell, and the pleaſant grove, wherewith it
" is backed yielding entertainment fit for
" ſolitude, ſeated himſelf here. Which
" advantages invited alſo the famous Guy,
" (ſometimes Earl of Warwick) after his
" noble atchievements, having weaned him-
" ſelf from the deceitful pleaſures of this
" world, to retire hither; where receiving
" ghoſtly comfort from that heremite, he
" abode till his death. The ſtory of his
" dwelling on this ſpot is thus deſcribed
" in the antient Ballade in the legend of
" Sir Guy."

" At

" At length to Warwick I did come,
" Like Pilgrim poor, and was not known;
" And then I lived a Hermite life
" A mile and more out of the Towne.

" Where with my hands I hewed a houſe
" Out of a craggy rocke of ſtone;
" And lived like a Palmer poore
" Within that Cave myſelf alone:

" And daily came to beg my bread
" Of Philis at my Caſtle gate;
" Not known unto my loving wife,
" Who daily mourned for her mate.

" Till at the laſt I fell ſore ſicke,
" Yea ſick ſo ſore that I muſt die:
" I ſent to her a ringe of golde,
" By which ſhe knew me preſentlye.

" Then ſhe repairing to the Cave
" Before that I gave up the Ghoſt;
" Herſelf clos'd up my dying Eyes:
" My Philis fair whom I lov'd moſt.

" Then dreadful Death did me árreſt,
" To bring my corpes unto the grave;
" And like a Palmer dyed I,
" Whereby I fought my life to ſave.

" My body that endured this toyle,
" Though now it be conſumed to mould;
" My ſtatue faire engraven in ſtone,
" In Warwick ſtill you may behold."

THE ſtatue, here alluded to as being in Warwick, now ſtands at the ſouth end of the chapel in Guy's cliff, which was built by order of the before mentioned Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who by his will ordained " that the old " chapel ſhould be new built, the coſt of " which, with the conſecration of the two " altars, as appears by his executors from " the twenty-eighth to the thirty-ſeventh of " Henry the Sixth, was one hundred and " eighty-four pounds and five pence." This chapel is in perfect repair, but is not now uſed as a place of worſhip.

We cannot paſs this antient ſtatue without giving ſome deſcription of it: it is about eight feet high, and is very much mutilated. The annexed ſketch will give ſome idea of its preſent appearance, which is very different to that in Hollar's print, introduced in Dugdale, where it ſeems to be in a perfect ſtate.

The outſide of the venerable chapel, toge-

ther with part of the adjoining cliff, I have likewiſe thought fit to give in the following ſketch. The higher aperture in the cliff opens to a cave, ſaid to have been the oratory of the famous Guy, and before it was the favourite walk of his lady, the fair Phillis, alluded to in the ballad before mentioned. She was the daughter of a Saxon Earl, Rohand, in the days of King Alfred; whoſe name was Felicia.

This place was the reſidence of another hermit,

hermit, one Thomas de Lewes, in the eighth of Edward the Third; and, after him, of one John Burry, in the tenth of Henry the Fourth, who had one hundred ſhillings per annum to pray for the good eſtate of Richard Beauchamp, then Earl of Warwick.

We muſt not omit to mention a celebrated inhabitant of this cliff, John Rous, the famous antiquary, who, after quitting the univerſity, became a chantry prieſt in the chapel of this place, where he compiled his Chron. de Regibus, ſo often quoted by Dugdale, who, in his Hiſtory of Warwickſhire, has given a portrait of him by Hollar. He was buried in the church of St. Mary, Warwick.

In this cliff is formed, by a range of excavations, good ſtabling for horſes, cellars, and out offices for the dwelling houſe, which are perfectly dry and wholeſome. The

cave

cave within this cliff that appears in the view prefixed to this ſection, produces a remarkable fine ſpring of water, which bears the name of Guy's ſpring. This ſpring riſes through a ſmall aperture in the ſolid rock; a part of which, containing two circular baſons about eighteen inches diameter, is left ſtanding in the middle of the grotto, being two feet in height from the level of the floor, and totally covered with a moſt beautifully verdant moſs, about two inches in depth, and ſo thickly ſet as to vie in ſoftneſs with the richeſt carpet.—The following lines are peculiarly appropriate:

> Intus aquæ dulces vivoque ſedilia ſaxo,
> Nympharum domus.——

The ſtory of Guy, Earl of Warwick, is too generally known to bear repetition; Dugdale's relation ſeems to give it a degree of credibility, but we are inclined to think with Camden, that, beſides its being fraught with

with much abſurdity, and that the days of chivalry, and their heroes, are now on the decline, the ſtory is too much obſcured by fable and romance to obtain the leaſt degree of credit.

Dugdale ſays that King Henry the Fifth, being at Warwick, viſited this place; but whether from reſpect to the famous Guy, or to view "the rareneſs of the ſituation," does not appear: and that he determined to have founded a chantry of two prieſts, had he not been prevented by death: this purpoſe was however accompliſhed by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the firſt year of Henry the Sixth.

The Avon, winding round this romantic cliff, waſhes the foot of a large rock about a mile below it, adjoining to which a very extenſive mill is recently erected for the purpoſes of grinding corn, and ſpinning cotton;

it

it is called, from the adjacent quarry, Rock Mill. Here our Avon receives the aid of the river Leam, which riſes near Braunſton, in Northamptonſhire. This river gives the name of Lemington to a village about two miles from the Avon; where, very near the bank of the Leam, riſes a ſpring of water, of ſo ſaline a quality as, in Dugdale's time, to have been uſed for ſalting proviſion. A little below this is Emſcote bridge, a very antient ſtructure, and of great extent, which is rendered neceſſary from the immenſe ſwell of water in the adjoining meadows during the winter ſeaſon.

SECTION VII.

ABOUT half a mile below Emſcote bridge the eye is gratified with an extenſive view of Warwick town, the venerable caſtle, and the new bridge recently built by the Earl of Warwick. Our Avon, gently winding through the extenſive meadows before us, paſſes under this ſimple and elegant arch, through the highly ornamented grounds of its noble owner. This ſpacious bridge conſiſts but of one arch formed of the ſegment of a circle, the diameter of which is 105 feet; its breadth 36 feet: the immenſe quantity of ſtone, uſed for building this bridge, was brought from the quarry at Rock Mill, mentioned in the cloſe of the laſt ſection: It was conſtructed by William Ebroal a maſon of Warwick who is recently dead but whoſe name deſerves to be recorded

in this page not only as an artiſt but in the ſuperior character of an honeſt and reſpectable man. The high road over it leads to Banbury, Daventry, &c. and is more commodious, and conſiderably nearer than the old one. This erection was made at a very great expence and ſolely at the charge of the noble Earl, who has applied it to the public uſe in lieu of the old one that croſſes the river cloſe to the foundation of his caſtle. This antient Gothic bridge is greatly in decay, and extremely narrow conſidered as a public road, yet, as a pictureſque object united with the caſtle, muſt be acceptable to the eye of the connoiſſeur. From the acknowledged taſte and munificence of its owner there is little reaſon to doubt but that it will long be preſerved, not only as a public accommodation, but as a noble addition to the ſcenery of this venerable and ſtupendous caſtle.

THIS immenſe pile of building, conſidered in every point of view, affords matter of aſtoniſhment to the curious, and to render ample juſtice to its ſublimity would require a volume of deſigns. A work of this nature, with a copious hiſtory of its origin, would be highly gratifying to the antiquary, and could not fail to be eſteemed an acceſſion to the arts even in the preſent æra of their refinement in this country. I ſhall in the preſent undertaking ſelect two of the moſt prominent and ſtriking features of this vaſt and ſtately building and ſuch as were beſt adapted to the ſize of this volume and calculated to convey to the reader the cleareſt idea of this immenſe maſs which, at the firſt *coup d' œuil* appears to be more than a mere work of art.

THE annexed view is taken from the grand entrance, which lies in a north-eaſt direction. By an eaſy aſcent, through a

ſpacious area of verdant lawns and ſhrubbery, we are led to contemplate this aſſemblage of embattled turrets, and aſpiring towers. That on the right, is denominated Guy's, the other on the left Cæſar's Tower: the immenſe foundation of the latter appears behind the eaſy ſlope that riſes to the grand gateway. This entrance ſtands on an arch thrown acroſs the foſſe over which was formerly a drawbridge. The foundation of this vaſt pile is raiſed on a prodigious rock, riſing perpendicularly on the bank of our Avon, and the ſuperſtructure ſeems to be ſo connected with its baſe, that it appears rather to have grown out of it, than to have been artificially produced. The rock is known to run ſeventy feet below the ſurface of the earth, and, from appearances, there is reaſon to conjecture that it may penetrate ſtill much deeper. The groined arches, excavated from this rock beneath the main building, are all, with great care and labor,

caſed

caſed with ſtone and are uſed as domeſtic offices to the caſtle. At what preciſe period this building was begun to be erected, hiſtorians ſeem not clearly to aſcertain. Dugdale is doubtful whether to attribute its origin to Cymbeline, King of Britain, or to the Romans who had a ſtrong hold or fortreſs at this place.

Warwick was a Roman ſtation on the foſſe way, about fifteen miles from the ſtation at Brinklow noticed before. The high artificial mount of earth is the Prætorium, and is viſible from that at Brinklow, which is likewiſe viſible from the Specula at Tripontium, a circumſtance that, no doubt but the Romans availed themſelves of when they kept our anceſtors in ſubjection. Warwick, it is well known, was called by them Præſidium.

In nine hundred and fifteen, Dugdale ſays, the

the renowned lady Ethelſtede, daughter to king Alfred, certainly cauſed the dungeon to be made, which was a ſtrong tower or platform upon a large and high mount of earth, artificially raiſed, the ſubſtance whereof is yet to be ſeen. The view of this tower in Dugdale, is delineated by Hollar, as ſtanding at the weſt end of the caſtle: at that time caſtles in this country were not very numerous, of which William the Conqueror was ſo well aware, that he " neglected not to raiſe ſtore of ſuch " forts throughout the realm :" in the number of theſe, this at Warwick was not the leaſt, and it appears that four houſes, then belonging to the monks of Coventry, were appropriated to the enlargement of it, and one Turchill de Warwick employed by the King to ſuperintend the work; William however would not truſt him with the cuſtody thereof, but committed it to Henry de Newburgh, whom he advanced to the earldom

dom of Warwick. This caſtle, towards the latter end of the reign of king Stephen, was delivered up by Gundred, the then counteſs of Warwick, to Henry duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry the Second, on his arrival in this country. It was then committed to Hugh de Nevill, and, in the eighteenth of king John, unto Henry the then Earl of Warwick; at which period its conſequence ſtood ſo high in the eſtimation of the king, that, by his precept to the archbiſhop of York, he requires good ſecurity of Margery, ſiſter and heir to Thomas the then earl, that ſhe ſhould not take to huſband any perſon in whom the king could not repoſe truſt as in himſelf.

The hiſtory of Guy's Tower, that appears in the preceding view, Dugdale gives in the following words. "The great tower "at the north-eaſt corner called Guy's "tower the walls whereof are ten feet thick "was

" was built by Thomas Earl of Warwick,
" about the 17th of Richard the Second, on
" whoſe baniſhment the cuſtody of it was
" granted to John de Clinton, and in a ſhort
" time after to Thomas Holland, Earl of
" Kent." In the reign of Henry the Fourth it reverted to its former poſſeſſor, the Earl of Warwick, nor does it appear, from that time till the reign of Edward the Fourth, to have been out of the hands of the ſucceeding Earls of that family. On the death of George Duke of Clarence, it was ſeized by the King, during the minority of his ſon Edward Plantagenet, and from this time continued in the hands of the crown, till the firſt of Edward the Sixth, when John Dudley was advanced to the Earldom of Warwick: on his attainder, in the firſt of Mary, it eſcheated to the crown, till reſtored by Elizabeth to one of his ſons Ambroſe and his heirs, whom ſhe likewiſe created Earl of Warwick: he dying without iſſue, it came

came again to the crown, and was, by King James in the ſecond year of his reign, granted in fee to Sir Fulk Greville Knight, afterwards created a Baron in the eighteenth year of this reign, by the title of Lord Brooke, Baron Brooke, of Beauchamp-court, in the county of Warwick: at this period the caſtle was in a very ruinous ſtate, and the ſtrongeſt parts of it were uſed as a common goal. This Lord Brooke ſays Dugdale, "beſtowed more than 20,000l. coſt in repairing and adorning it, and made it a "place, not only of great ſtrength, but extraordinary delight, with moſt pleaſant "gardens, walls, and thickets, ſuch as this "part of England can hardly parallel; ſo "that now it is the moſt princely ſeat that "is within theſe midland parts of this "realm."

SPEED, after mentioning the extraordinary expence beſtowed in repairs upon the

caſtle by this learned and great man, pays him an unreſerved tribute of gratitude for his kind patronage in reſcuing him from the mechanical employment to which he had been originally deſtined. " His merit to " me-ward I do acknowlege in ſetting this " hand free from the daily employments of " a manual trade, and giving it full liberty " thus to expreſs the inclination of my " mind, himſelf being the procurer of my " eſtate." To enumerate the high and amiable qualities of this great man, who gloried in having been the friend of Sir Philip Sydney, would be foreign to this work; we ſhall content ourſelves with having had the honor of introducing a name that muſt ever be held dear to this country, and of obſerving that its luſtre is not diminiſhed by deſcent. The grand area, or inner court of the caſtle, has an air of ſolemn magnificence, that is ſuperior to any thing of the kind I have yet ſeen: The many additions that have

have been made by the preſent Earl are ſo analogous to its original deſign as to render it an honor to the taſte of its owner. The interior apartments are uniformly ſplendid, and ſo judiciouſly ſuited to domeſtic uſes, as to eraſe from the mind of a ſtranger, every idea of its ever having been a caſtle of defence; and leave him wholly in admiration of the beauty, and magnificence of a place, once celebrated only for its ſtrength. The collection of pictures, particularly the works of Rembrandt, Rubens, and Van Dyck, are highly deſerving the attention of the connoiſſeur; they were all purchaſed by the preſent Earl, whoſe ſuperior knowledge of the fine arts is not leſs evinced by works of his own pencil than by this judicious ſelection. The various ſcenes that preſent themſelves from the different apartments of the caſtle are noble and extenſive; the Avon beneath, rendered by art a capacious river, winds its courſe through a rich and highly cultivated

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park for a ſpace of near two miles, when it happily breaks upon the eye, in different points of view, emulous as it were to enrich this luxuriant ſcene.

We ſhall now quit the internal part of the caſtle, and, to give a more full idea of its ſituation, attempt a general view of its grand ſouth and weſt fronts, as they appear from the new bridge before mentioned. Here the extent of this noble building is viewed in its utmoſt perfection. The judicious alterations that have been, and are ſtill making to the windows, in the ſouthern front, by giving them a Gothic form, adds much to their pictureſque appearance; and Guy's ſtately tower, although its immenſe rocky baſe is loſt to the eye in that point of view, is yet an object highly worthy of admiration. This view, taken altogether, though on a ſmall ſcale, will yet, I flatter myſelf, give a faithful picture of this principal

cipal ornament of our Avon, on whoſe delightful banks we ſhall for a ſhort time ſuſpend our comments, to make ſome curſory obſervations on the antient town of Warwick, which ſtands on a rocky eminence, and in a dry and fertile ſoil. Dugdale ſays, " it was the chiefeſt " town of theſe parts, and whereof the " whole county upon the firſt diviſion of " theſe realms into ſhires took its name, " ſo may it juſtly glory in its ſituation " beyond any other." This town contains many objects that render it worthy notice, the firſt of theſe is, pre-eminently, the Lady's Chapel, in the church of Saint Mary; which is one of the moſt beautiful ſpecimens of the rich Gothic ſtyle I remember to have ſeen. We are ſorry to add, that in a recent repair made to this once venerable building, ſo much attention has been paid to its former gilding, and gaudy decorations, that it now glares ſo much on the eye as to produce

duce a diſguſting effect. We are not however without a hope that it may one day be reſtored to its primitive ſimplicity and elegance.

In this chapel are ſome ſplendid monuments, particularly one in the centre, of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick; who lies on a tomb of marble. The figure is of braſs, double gilt, and is ſurrounded by many images in the ſame metal. On a monument erected in this chapel, to the memory of a lady Leiceſter, who died on the morning of a Chriſtmas day in 1634, are ſome lines which from the ſingularity of their ſtyle may not be thought unworthy tranſcribing. This lady's qualities according to Maſter Gervas Clifton the Poet's account, were really wonderful, ſhe not only caſt cannon, but multiplied the heavenly hoſt, in courtly phraſe we can ſay no leſs, that glitter around the throne, and

was

was at once a belle, an amazon, and a ſaint!

" She, that did ſupply the Warrs
" With thunder, and the Court with ſtars,
" Thought it ſafeſt to retire
" From all care, and vain deſire.
" And becauſe ſhe took delight
" Chriſt's poor members to invite,
" She fully now requites her love,
" And ſent his Angels from above
" That did to Heaven her ſoul convey
" To ſolemnize his own Birth-day."

THE collegiate church of St. Mary, which was rebuilt by Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in 1394, was deſtroyed by a dreadful conflagration in 1694, and no part left ſtanding but the beautiful chapel of our lady before mentioned. In the year 1704, this church was rebuilt from a deſign of Sir Chriſtopher Wren, which deſign we are ſorry to ſay is in many parts very inferior to the general excellence of that great architect. To

cen-

cenſure any work of ſo diſtinguiſhed an artiſt, may appear arrogant: his ſtrong partiality for the Grecian and Roman ſtyle of deſign, in preference to the Gothic, is evident in all his works; and how judiciouſly ſoever he may in this point have decided, in the preſent undertaking he has moſt abſurdly, and I doubt not but that the public opinion will accord with mine, blended together the inferior and diſcarded ornaments of each without either ſenſe or meaning. This jumble is no where more palpable than in the forms of the windows, where a double row of cumbrous circular, or Saxon arches, are terminated above by ſuch groteſque and barbarous forms, as to baffle all conjecture as to what order or country they could belong. In other parts of this large building will be found many inconſiſtencies, which we are the more ſurpriſed at, as he had before him the elegant chapel above alluded to, and which he could not but be aware muſt remain as a part

of

of this vaſt edifice. Within this church a very judicious alteration, that of removing the organ from the centre of the building to the weſt end, is now carrying into execution. The cuſtom of placing the organ in the former ſituation, ſo univerſally prevalent, is matter of aſtoniſhment to thoſe who are capable of feeling the full effect of beautiful ſymmetry in the works of architecture: by this barbariſm in taſte, the ſublime intereſt, we take in the

" Long drawn aiſle and fretted vault"

of our Gothic cathedrals is in a great degree deſtroyed; and the moſt ſtriking and impreſſive works of human invention obſcured by a range of gilded pipes, that can only be entitled to a ſecondary conſideration.

In foreign churches this inſtrument, how reſpectable ſoever, holds only its due and ſubordinate ſtation, and is uſually placed be-

 tween

tween the pillars at the ſide of the grand aiſle.

As an architect of conſiderable taſte and ſkill, Warwick has to boaſt the name of Hiorne, a native of this place. The gate at the eaſt end of the town is from his deſign, as well as the new gaol and church at the lower part of it. They have each a claim to their reſpective merits, and thoſe conſiderable, although placed in the vicinity of two of the grandeſt works in the kingdom, the caſtle and the chapel of our lady in the church of St. Mary before mentioned.

QUITTING this handſome town, we ſhall return to the bank of our Avon, which, in its courſe through the richly diverſified grounds belonging to Warwick caſtle, acquires in ſome places a breadth of not leſs than two hundred feet, and no where leſs than one hundred. Its depth is full twelve feet,

feet, having an excellent ſound and gravelly bed, which it retains for the diſtance of upwards of two miles and a half in and below the park. Paſſing down the river, the ſpacious green-houſe, recently built by the preſent Earl, and deſigned by William Eboral before mentioned, ſtands on a riſing lawn, and agreeably meets the eye at a proper diſtance from its margin. Within this building is placed a vaſe of exquiſite workmanſhip, in white marble, brought by his Lordſhip from Tivoli. This ineſtimable ſpecimen of Grecian ſculpture was diſcovered ſome years ſince near Adrian's villa there; it is in a high ſtate of preſervation, and in its deſign and execution, beautiful beyond conception. Three different engravings of it will be found in Piraneſe's views.

With the beautiful curve of the river the eye is highly gratified, nor leſs ſo with the luxuriant plantations ariſing in each di-

rection, under the auſpices and taſte of their noble owner, who, fully aware that elegance in landſcape is not to be produced without ſpace, has unremittingly embraced every occaſion that offered towards completing this bold enterprize. The various productions of the fir, larch, and other trees, that have been raiſed in theſe grounds within theſe few years, give ample proof of the richneſs and excellence of the ſoil, nor ſhould the cedar of Lebanon be forgotten as the produce of theſe grounds, which has yielded ſome thouſands within the laſt twelve or fourteen years.

Towards the middle of the park, by turning a high road into another direction, the Earl has cauſed to be made a ſpacious lake of water, from ten to twenty feet deep, from a ſmall ſtream which iſſues at Cheſterton, in this county, about ſix miles diſtant. This water is between three and four hundred feet wide, and

and extends about a mile in length; it is capable of being continued near two miles farther within this ſpacious park.

Passing the keeper's lodge, which ſtands on a conſiderable eminence on the bank of the river, a new intereſt is created in the mind of the diſcerning traveller, by a retroſpective view of the caſtle; which, at the cloſe of day, loſing the nice diſcrimination of its minuter parts, melts into one grand and general maſs of light and ſhade: nor is the ſcenery, looking down the river, leſs gratifying. Here the Ilmington hills, which bound our view with the intervening villages, aided by the winding of the Avon in the fore ground, form altogether a richly variegated landſcape.

We cannot quit this park without noticing another handſome ſtone bridge of one arch, ten feet wide, thrown acroſs the Avon, which

which being left unfiniſhed by the late Earl, was completed about ſeventeen years ſince by the preſent. At the extremity of the park on the ſouthern bank of the river, we paſs the village of Barford, where a new bridge is now erecting, to ſupply the place of the old one, which by length of time had fallen to decay. We find nothing here worthy notice; but, as Camden has thought proper to advert to a ſtory of rather a ſingular nature reſpecting this place, we ſhall here tranſcribe it. He ſays, " that in 1647, one Samuel Fairfax " was born at this place, who, at twelve " years old, dwelt under the ſame roof, and " eat at the ſame table with his father and " mother, grandfather and grandmother, " great grandfather and great grandmother; " who all lived very happily together: and " none of the three generations of either " ſex had been twice married." Neither the longevity, nor domeſtic happineſs of this extraordinary family, could avert the ill fortune

tune that purſued the laſt male branch of it to Warwick gaol a few years ſince; where he lingered and died for a debt contracted by a ſhopkeeper in his village, for whom he was ſurety. A little below Barford, the Avon receives the tributary aid of a rapid though ſmall ſtream, called the Sherbourne, which paſſes, in its courſe, a pleaſant village ſo called, from whence we preſume it derives its name. Here, through a fine and fertile champaign country, our river directs its courſe by Waſperton to Fulbroke.

On a conſiderable eminence called Caſtle Hill, formerly ſtood Fulbroke caſtle, ſaid to have been built by John, Duke of Bedford, third ſon to Henry the Fourth, regent of France. This caſtle was taken down in the reign of Henry the Eighth, by Sir William Compton, Knt. who had then the cuſtody of the park. After it was pulled down, the materials were conveyed to Compton Wy-

niate,

niate, from which Sir William erected the edifice now ſtanding.

On this ſpot formerly ſtood the ſeat of the Earls of Northampton.

About two years ſince, ſome veſtiges of the foundation of Fulbroke caſtle were accidentally diſcovered by a boy in raking the ground, which was then ſown with oats. Theſe were a brick vault with ſtone ſteps, nearly filled up with earth, and ſome fragments of Gothic ſtone windows. It does not appear that the caſtle was ever finiſhed.

The adjoining park, which had been antiently in the poſſeſſion of Sir Francis Englefield, was, in the time of our immortal Shakſpeare, in that of the Lucys, who had been long ſettled in the neighbouring village of Charlecot. It was in this park our bard is ſaid to have been, in a youthful frolic, engaged

The deep and lofty woods, the lawns and walks of this park, ſcenes that, in tempers leſs apt, naturally prompt and invite to muſings and heavenly contemplation, were doubtleſs the haunts of his early youth; and to his rambles in theſe coverts and receſſes it is more than probable that we are indebted for thoſe exquiſitely paſſionate reflexions upon the ſufferings and fate of that noble and beautiful animal, the Deer. In tracing the progreſs of its ſtrugglings, and miſeries, down to its mortal cataſtrophe under the ſavage and deliberate butchery of the huntſman, how unqueſtionable ſoever the warrant which puts the life of animals in the diſpoſal of man, humanity is by this powerful appeal made to recoil at the abuſe, and ſhudder at leaſt at the mode in which the warrant is carried into execution againſt a fellow creature.

Suggested in the ſpot of which we are ſpeaking, the following lines, which the moſt

faſtidious would hardly think out of place any where, will, we truſt, be thought fit accompaniments to this ſcene. Entitled, as they are, to a regard in adamant, and living, as they ought,

" In the heart's core, aye, in the heart of hearts,"

their immortality can in no degree depend on the frail memorial of theſe humble pages. We pay no more than a paſſing tribute of reſpect.

" *Duke.* Come, ſhall we go and kill us veniſon?
" And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
" Being native burghers of this deſart city,
" Should in their own confines, with forked heads
" Have their round haunches gor'd.

" *1ſt Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
" The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
" And, in that kind, ſwears you do more uſurp
" Than doth your brother that hath baniſh'd you:
" To-day my Lord of Amiens, and myſelf
" Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
" Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out

" Upon

" Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
" To the which place a poor ſequeſter'd ſtag,
" That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
" Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my lord,
" The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
" That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
" Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
" Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
" In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
" Much mark'd of the melancholy Jaques,
" Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
" Augmenting it with tears."

SECTION VIII.

QUITTING Fulbroke and Hampton wood, on the weſtern bank of the Avon, we paſs the pleaſant village formerly denominated Biſhop's Hampton, now Hampton Lucy. It derives this name from the antient family of the Lucy's at Charlecot on the oppoſite ſide of the Avon, which near this place receives the aid of Thelesford brook. The venerable manſion, as given in the annexed view, is neither ſo pictureſque nor perfect in its Gothic parts, as the grand front on the oppoſite ſide, it is, yet, ſelected as comprizing a view of the river; an advantage that could not be obtained in any other point of obſervation. This houſe was built by Sir Thomas Lucy, Knight, in the firſt year of Queen Elizabeth's reign. It is of brick, with ſtone coins, and ſtill makes a venerable appearance, although it has, in many

many parts, particularly in the forms of the windows, been modernized. The grand front at the entrance is nearly in its original ſtate; and the great outer-gate, the inner part of which is ſeen in the annexed view, is a handſome ſpecimen of the Gothic ſtyle uſed at the period of its erection. As I do not remember to have ſeen any view of this manſion, the ſketch it is preſumed, will not be unacceptable to the reader. The Lucy family boaſts a very antient and noble deſcent, but perhaps have not, by any of their high connections or military achievements, acquired more celebrity than from the reputation of having proſecuted our divine bard Shakſpeare, for ſtealing deer out of the park at Fulbroke, as mentioned at the cloſe of the laſt ſection. The ſtory, although well known, is yet ſo materially connected with the preſent undertaking, that I may be permitted to give it, as recorded on the authority of Mr. Rowe; who

who, in his account of the life of our Bard, ſays, " Shakſpeare, by a misfortune com-
" mon enough to young fellows, had fallen
" into ill company; and amongſt them,
" ſome, that had made a frequent practice
" of deer-ſtealing, engaged him, more than
" once in robbing a park belonging to Sir
" Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot, near Strat-
" ford. For this he was proſecuted by that
" gentleman, as he thought ſomewhat too
" ſeverely; and in order to revenge that ill
" uſage, he made a ballad upon him. And
" though this, probably the firſt eſſay of
" his poetry, be loſt, yet it is ſaid to have
" been ſo very bitter, that it redoubled the
" proſecution againſt him to that degree,
" that he was obliged to leave his buſineſs
" and family in Warwickſhire for ſome
" time, and ſhelter himſelf in London."
The loſs of the ballad, here alluded to, we cannot ſufficiently regret: we have however in the Merry Wives of Windſor, under the

character of Juſtice Shallow, ſtrong marks of the bard's reſentment, and from what cauſe ſoever it ſprung, a degree of acrimony beyond the mere ridicule and contempt, which the vanity and ignorance of a booby Juſtice might be ſuppoſed to provoke. The temper with which he wrote will be beſt ſeen in his own words on the occaſion. Juſtice Shallow, in his ſpeech to Sir Hugh Evans, alluding to Falſtaff, who is repreſented as having ſtolen the deer, ſays, " I " will make a Star chamber matter of it: " If he were twenty Sir John Falſtaff's, he " ſhall not abuſe Robert Shallow, Eſq.

" *Slender.* In the county of Gloſter, Juſtice of Peace " and coram.

" *Shallow.* Ay, couſin Slender, and Cuſt-alorum.

" *Slender.* Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman " born maſter parſon; who writes himſelf armigero; in " any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigero.

" *Shallow.* Ay, that I do; and have done any time theſe " three hundred years.

" *Slen.*

" *Slen.* All his ſucceſſors, gone before him, have done't;
" and all his anceſtors, that come after him, may; they
" may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

" *Shallow.* It is an old coat.

" *Evans.* The dozen white louſes do become an old
" coat well; it agrees well, paſſant: It is a familiar beaſt
" to man, and ſignifies love.

" *Shallow.* The luce is the freſh fiſh; the ſalt fiſh is an
" old coat.

" *Slender.* I may quarter, Coz.

" *Shallow.* You may, by marrying.

" *Evans.* It is marring indeed if he quarter it.

" *Shallow.* Not a whit.

" *Evans.* Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your
" coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple
" conjectures: but that is all one: If Sir John Falſtaff
" have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the
" Church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make
" atonements, and compromiſes between you."

The three hundred years, mentioned by Shallow, evidently refer to the antiquity of the Lucy family, whoſe pedigree is deduced by Dugdale, from the reign of Richard the Firſt, a period of about four hundred years before the play was written; but the family did

not take the name of Lucy, till the 34th of Henry the Third, which correſponds nearly with the period above ſtated. The arms of the family are clearly pointed at, when Slender ſpeaks of the dozen white Luces in their coat. The armorial bearings are three Luces hauriant, between nine croſs croſlets, on a field *Or*. Lucius is a Latin name, though of no good authority, for the fiſh called Jack or Pike, with which ſpecies of fiſh the Avon abounds near this ſpot, and they are commonly called Luces. In the kitchen of this manſion is a portrait of a pike, caught in this river in the year 1640, which weighed forty pounds.

In the church at Charlecot are ſeveral handſome monuments of the Lucy family; the earlieſt of which is that of Sir Thomas Lucy, who built the family manſion, and was the ſuppoſed proſecutor of our Bard; as I do not remember to have ſeen a portrait of him, I have here annexed

ed an etching of the head, as taken from the monumental effigies, and which will convey ſome idea of the man, as far as the likeneſs may be ſuppoſed correct, which, from the maſterly ſtyle of its execution, may very reaſonably be inferred. He died on the 18th of Auguſt, 1600. No portrait of him remains in the manſion houſe, nor can I learn that there is any extant. It is ſomewhat ſingular that on this monument there ſhould not be found any memorial of the Knight himſelf, even ſo ſlight as to give the year in which he died, or the age which he had then attained; though there appears a ſtrong teſtimonial to the excellent character of his lady, who lies by his ſide, and who died at the age of ſixty-three, written and ſigned by himſelf. Whether it is not modiſh at preſent for huſbands to ſpeak in ſuch exalted terms of their wives, or whatever may be the character of modern wedlock, the pleaſure we receive in recording the virtues and excellencies of the

ſex,

ſex, particularly in a married ſtate, is a ſufficient inducement to make the following extract. The Knight, after many other honorable teſtimonies, concludes with this eulogium: "When all is ſpoken that can be "ſaid, a woman ſo furniſhed and garniſhed "with vertue as not to be bettered, and "hardly to be equalled by any. As ſhe "lived moſt vertuouſly, ſo ſhe dyed moſt "godly. Set down by him that beſt did "know what hath been written to be "true.

"THOMAS LUCY."

AT Charlecot the Avon receives the aid of a ſmall river called the Heile, that riſes in Northamptonſhire, and in its courſe paſſes near Kyneton, Compton, and through Welſburn, in this neighbourhood. About a mile lower, on the ſouth, it likewiſe receives a ſmall ſtream called Littleham brook, where the pariſh of Alverſtone begins; a place, the

the air of which is conſidered as being ſo pure and ſalubrious, that it was called by the late learned Dr. Perry, The Montpelier of England. From hence the river winding its pleaſant courſe, affords a beautiful and extenſive view of the Feldon of Warwickſhire, called the Vale of Red Horſe. This rich and fertile ſcenery is interſperſed with extenſive woods, riſing out of a verdant champaign country, and its vaſt amphitheatre is bounded by a range of azure hills, forming a beautiful and undulating line; amongſt theſe, Edge hills proudly diſtinguiſh themſelves at a diſtance of about twelve miles.

We cannot paſs theſe memorable hills although at ſuch a diſtance without adverting to the famous battle fought there between the King and Parliament army in 1642. The King left Shrewſbury with about 10,000 men directing his courſe towards the capital under a full determination to give battle to the

the Parliament army as ſoon as poſſible. Eſſex who had received his inſtructions two days after the Royaliſts had quitted Shrewſbury, left Worceſter, and ſtrange and incredible as it may appear, the two armies had marched ten days in utter ignorance of each other's motions or ſituation, and were within ſix miles of meeting ere either of the generals was acquainted with the approach of his adverſary. The day was far advanced when the King determined on the attack, in which the degree of ſucceſs he obtained, ſeems to have been principally owing to the conduct of Sir Faithful Forteſcue, who, having been obliged to ſerve in the parliament army, ſoon after the engagement took place, ordered his troop to diſcharge their piſtols in the ground and then put himſelf under the command of Prince Rupert. After a heavy conflict and various ſucceſs the fortune of the day does not ſeem to have been decided, nor can it be ſaid, that

that victory declared herſelf abſolutely for either party in the ſhock of battle, as the two armies faced each other for a conſiderable time, without having confidence to renew the onſet. The beſt title, which the Royaliſts have to the claim which they make of the victory is derived from a fact that is unqueſtionable; that Eſſex, the Parliament General left the field of battle in poſſeſſion of the royal army. The King did not attempt to harraſs the retreating army, but ſoon after retired into quarters.

THERE were 5000 men left dead on the field, of whom there appears to have been an equal number ſlain on both ſides.

AMONGST thoſe who in that moſt calamitous and melancholy conteſt with a true ſpirit of heroiſm ſhed their blood in ſupport of the principles they reciprocally held ſacred,

it would be injuſtice not to draw into more general notice one, who, ranging himſelf under the royal ſtandard, in that memorable day made himſelf eminently conſpicuous.

THIS gentleman was a Dr. Lake, a civilian, the anceſtor of the preſent Sir James Lake, Bart. and the perſon from whoſe merits and whoſe ſufferings that family derives its hereditary honours. From a love of his ſovereign, and a full conviction of the juſtice of his cauſe, the Doctor, laying aſide the gown, took up the ſword and followed his royal maſter to the battle of Edge hill. In this engagement he received ſixteen wounds; and having loſt his right hand, he placed his horſe's bridle between his teeth and boldly held out the combat, fighting with his ſword in his left hand till the armies parted. The friendly and affectionate part taken by the amiable, though ill-adviſed, and unfortunate monarch, in the concerns of this loyal ſubject

ject and very gallant adherent, is of ſo very marked and curious, as well as intereſting a nature, that I here tranſcribe the hiſtory of it, by favour of Sir James Lake, from the original manuſcript in the Doctor's own hand writing, which has never before been made public.

" After I had made my eſcape from " my impriſonment at Mr. Bent's, at Corſby, " where I was kept ſeven weeks after the " battell at Edghill, I went to Bangor, in " Carnarvonſhire, in Chriſtmas, 1642. " Thence I writ to Dr. Steward, the Clerk " of the Cloſett at Oxford, certifieing him " in what condition I was, and of the hurts " I received at Edghill, and hee ſent back to " me to ſend him up the certificate thereof " under the chirurgion's hand, which after- " wards I did, under the hands of Mr. John " Angel, the phyſitian, and Mr. Edward " Lufman, the chirurgion, both of Leiceſter,

" who were emploied upon my cure. The
" next yeare, about a fortnight after
" Michaelmas, I went out of Wales towards
" Oxford, where I came about the 20th of
" October, 1643.

" Dr. Steward wiſhed me not to come
" into the King's preſence till the 23d day of
" that month, the anniverſary day of Edghill,
" which hee ſaid the King intended to keep
" ſolemnly, with publique thankſgiving for
" the victory on that day. And that day,
" a little before dinner, in the preſence
" chamber at Chriſtchurch, I kiſt his Ma-
" jeſtie's hand, Dr. Steward being with mee;
" who ſaid to his Majeſtie, as I was goeing
" to kiſs his hands, Sir, this day twelve-
" months the Doctor was in another caſe
" (Dr. Steward having formerly, as he told
" me, ſhewed his Majeſtie that certificate of
" my hurts received at Edghill). His Ma-
" jeſtie looking upon me, ſaid, *It is true you*

" *loſt*

" *loſt a great deall of blood for mee that daie,*
" *and I ſhall not forgett it, but you ſhall bee re-*
" *membered for it, both by way of armory, and*
" *otherwiſe.* Then looking upon Dr. Steward,
" and others ſtanding by, ſaid, *For a lawyer,*
" *a profeſſed lawyer, to throw off his gown and*
" *fight ſo heartily for mee, I muſt needs think*
" *very well of it.*

" I HUMBLY thanked his Majeſtie for
" his gracious acceptance of my poore endea-
" vours to ſerve him, and praiſed God for
" preſerving mee for further ſervice to his
" Majeſtie, to the beſt of my power, ac-
" cording to my bounden duties; *and,*
" *Doctor* (ſaid the King, bending his head a
" little towards me), *I have reaſon to believe*
" *it*, and ſo went into the privie chamber.
" About two months after, his Majeſtie
" ſent mee to Worceſter, then garriſoned by
" Sir Gilbert Gerrard, the King's governor
" there, to whom his Majeſtie writt; which

" letter

" letter thou haſt, ſignifying to him the
" loſſe of my eſtate in England, and Ire-
" land, by the rebellion, and ſixteen wounds
" I received at the battel at Edghill. With
" this letter, about the beginning of Chriſt-
" mas, I went down to Worceſter, and
" taking my leave of Dr. Steward, hee
" (whether his Majeſtie had, when he ſign-
" ed that letter, or at other time, ſpoken
" him hereof, I know not, but probably he
" had), aſked mee whether I had drawn up
" that note, touching an addition in armo-
" rie, which the King ſaid he would give
" mee, when I kiſs'd his hands on the an-
" niverſary day of Edghill. I told him I
" had done nothing therein; he bad mee
" adviſe with ſome herald thereupon, and
" draw up a note to that purpoſe for the
" King to ſigne, and to leave it with him.

" I DID hereupon adviſe with Sir Wm.
" Le Neve, but did not acquaint him with
" the

" the King's words touching armorie; and
" after I had talked with him, I drew up
" ſuch a note for his Majeſtie's ſignature,
" mentioning onely that coat of augmen-
" tation (without any mention of one of the
" lions of England), and the creſt. This
" note I left with Dr. Steward; and, the
" next ſomer, his Majeſtie coming to Wor-
" ceſter, and Dr. Steward with him, Dr.
" Steward gave me this docquett, ſigned by
" his Majeſtie, and atteſted by the Doctor,
" touching the baronetſhipp, and arms.
" Of which addition of one of the lions of
" England in the coat of augmentation, and
" beſides to have the nomination of a Ba-
" ronett, and to be a Baronett myſelf, being
" altogether beyond my expectation, I aſked
" the Doctor the reaſon thereof; hee told
" mee, that preſently upon my goeing
" from Oxford to Worceſter, hee ſhewed
" his Majeſtie that note for the coat of aug-
" mentation, which I left with him. His

" Majeſtie

" Majeſtie read it, and ſaid, *I deſerved more;*
" *and ſhould have more*; *I ſhould have one of*
" *his own lions too, and I ſhould have the making*
" *of a Baronett, and that I ſhould bee a Baro-*
" *nett myſelf*; and his Majeſtie himſelf, with
" his own hand, interlined ſome words in
" that note touching the bearing of that
" lion, and for the nomination of a Baro-
" nett, and the creation of mee to bee a Ba-
" ronet, and bad the Doctor bring it to
" him, written more at large; whereupon
" the Doctor, within a daie or two after,
" brought it written, as it is here, to his
" Majeſtie, which hee ſigned, and ſaid to
" him, *Doctor, you ſhall bee Secretary for this*
" *buſineſs*; *ſett your hand to it, and witneſs my*
" *ſignature*; *and tell Dr. Lake, that hee may*
" *keep this a while by him, and not take out the*
" *patent, till I ſhall better provide for him.*
" And the ſame day, at Worceſter, as be-
" fore, when Dr. Steward had told mee this,
" which was at the Lord Biſhopp's palace,

at

" at Worceſter, I went with him into the " preſence, and there kiſſed his Majeſtie's " hand, who ſaid to me, thus, *the Doctor* " *there* (looking at Dr. Steward), *I ſuppoſe* " *has told you my minde.* I ſaid, Yes, Sir; " and moſt humbly thanked his Majeſtie for " his exceeding favours to me; then his " Majeſtie beeing, it ſeemed, in haſt upon " buſineſs, went out of the Pſence, and as " hee was going, lookt back towards mee, " and beckoned to me, and I made my ad- " dreſs to him, who ſaid thus to mee, " *Doctor, if you will, you may keep that a while* " *by you* (meaning that aforeſaid docquet), " *and not take out the patent, till I ſhall better* " *provide for you, which I hope I ſhall doe ere* " *long*; and ſo he went away, and I kept " this by mee, as thou ſeeſt."

Below Alveſtone, to the ſouth of the Avon, Welcombe hills, and lodge, the ſeat of George Lloyd, Eſq. are ſeen in the moſt

favourable point of view. Theſe hills have been antiently the ſcene of warm conteſts between the Britons and Saxons. The vaſt entrenchments, known by the name of Dingles, which were made by the latter, are yet evident. Theſe Dingles, or Dells, are formed from large excavations made in the earth, ſometimes forty or fifty feet deep: they were deemed a ſufficient defence againſt the force of any warlike engines then in uſe, and from their pointed forms, may not improperly be called Double Angles.

Welcombe hills are apparently the work of art, and probably were thrown up by the ſoldiers, after their battles, in memory, as well as for cover, of entombing their ſlain.

Among the Northen people, Camden obſerves, that every ſurviving ſoldier, after a battle, was forced to bring his proportion of earth

earth towards raiſing a monument for his comrades ſlain on the ſpot.

WELCOMBE belonged to the Combe family, till the beginning of the preſent century, ſince which period, having paſſed through ſeveral hands, it was purchaſed by John Lloyd, Eſq. father of the preſent poſſeſſor.

FROM hence the Avon, in a winding direction, conducts us to Stratford bridge, on the ſouthern extremity of which ſtands the antient manor houſe of the pariſh of Alveſtone.

SECTION IX.

THE approach to Stratford upon Avon preſents to our view a venerable ſtone bridge of fourteen Gothic arches. It is walled on each ſide, and at the weſtern extremity of it has an extenſive cauſey. On the centre of this bridge is a ſtone pillar, at the top of which are cut the arms of the city of London, and below theſe are the armorial bearings of the Clopton family. The following lines are inſcribed under the arms:

Sir Hugh Clopton, Knight,
Lord Mayor of London, built this bridge
At his own proper expence;
In the reign of King Henry the Seventh.

SIR HUGH was likewiſe Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard the Third.

THE

The river Avon was made navigable from Tewkeſbury to this place in 1637, by a Mr. Sands. The town of Stratford is by Dugdale traced into ſo high and remote antiquity as three hundred years before the Norman conqueſt, at which time it belonged to the biſhopric of Worceſter.

In the ſeventh year of the reign of Richard the Firſt, this town obtained a weekly market, by means of John de Conſtanciis, then Biſhop of Worceſter. Richard likewiſe beſtowed on the burgeſſes of this town the inheritance of their burgages, paying yearly for each of them to himſelf and his ſucceſſors twelve pence for all ſervices at the four great feaſts of the year, and that they ſhould be free of toll for ever, according to the cuſtom of Briſtol.

In the ſixteenth year of King John, they obtained a charter for an annual fair, which was

was to commence on the eve of the holy Trinity, in honour of which myſtery the church of Stratford had been dedicated. Fairs were antiently held on Sundays, a cuſtom frequently inveighed againſt by the clergy of thoſe times, as productive of great immorality; but their admonitions ſeem to have had little effect till towards the latter end of the reign of Henry the Sixth, when all merchandize, except the produce of the harveſt that was exhibited for ſale on Sundays or holidays, was forfeited to the lord of the liberty or franchiſe. The keeping of wakes was alſo, under antient uſages, an annual feſtival, held on the Saint's day to whoſe memory the church was dedicated, and thence called the feaſt of dedication. The depraved uſes made of theſe wakes are well deſcribed in an old legend of St. John the Baptiſt; the ſubſtance of which Dugdale ſays he found engliſhed in an old manuſcript as follows (black letter): "And ye ſhall underſtand and

"know

" know how the *Evyns* were furſt found in
" old time.

" In the beginning of holi chirche with
" candellys brennyng and wold *Wake*, and
" coome with light toward night to the
" chirche in their devocions; and after they
" fell to lecherie and ſongs, daunſes, harp-
" ing, piping, and alſo to glotony and ſinne,
" and ſo tourned the holineſſe to curſydnes:
" wherefore holy faders ordeined the pepull
" to leve that *Waking*, and to faſt the *Evyn*.
" But hit is called *Vigilia*, that is *Waking* in
" Engliſh, and it is called the *Evyn* they
" were wont to come to chirche."

To whatever conſequences they may lead —to whatever licence our preſent wakes may give birth, it affords ſome degree of ſatisfaction to the ſerious and reflecting mind, that the abuſe is no longer practiſed under the cloak and ſanction of religion.

The

The entrance to the town of Stratford acroſs the meadow partakes neither of the beautiful or pictureſque; the buildings are mean, and the adjoining ſcenery flat and unintereſting: but looking to the left, the eye is gratified with a pleaſing view of the venerable church of Stratford riſing on the margin of our gentle Avon. In the chancel are enſhrined the ſacred remains of our immortal bard, who in this town, as is well known, firſt drew breath, firſt received his truly inſpired gift,

"The pomp and prodigality of heaven;"

and unleſs it muſt be allowed that a partial view has ſometimes been opened to Milton, had to him alone that myſterious veil withdrawn by nature, who has ſince

"Curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcenes from every future view."

Though not with equal genius, we tread this fairy ſcene with equal reverence, and with as true devotion, as was breathed by the late Mr. Thomas Warton, in the following elegant and well imagined lines:

" Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
" Fair fancy found, and bore the ſmiling babe
" To a cloſe cavern: (ſtill the ſhepherds ſhew
" The ſacred place, whence with religious awe
" They hear, returning from the field at eve,
" Strange whiſp'ring of ſweet muſic through the air.)
" Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,
" She fed the little prattler, and with ſongs
" Oft ſooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
" On her ſoft lap he ſat, and caught the ſounds."

Upon entering the town of Stratford, a feeling, I truſt, ſomething more elevated than that of mere curioſity, naturally directs the ſteps of every admirer of our divine Poet towards that ſpot which gave birth to the moſt extraordinary genius this or any other country

country has ever produced: of whom Ben Jonſon, a rival wit and a contemporary, nobly ſays,

" Triumph, my Britain ! thou haſt one to ſhew,
" To whom all ſcenes of Europe homage owe.
" He was not of an age, but for all time;
" And all the Muſes ſtill were in their prime,
" When like Apollo he came forth to warm
" Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
" Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
" And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines."

As it is avowedly the intention of this work to give pictorial repreſentations of objects that may in any degree illuſtrate either the hiſtory or biography of our country, it muſt be with peculiar pleaſure that we lay before the public the repreſentation of any thing that is nearly connected with the life and hiſtory of our matchleſs Bard. As ſuch we ſhall conduct them to the humble cottage in

which he firſt drew breath, on the 23d of April, 1564.

The annexed ſketch of it was made in October, 1792.

Part of theſe premiſes, which belonged to Shakſpeare, are ſtill occupied by a deſcendant of Joan Harte, ſiſter to our Poet, who purſues

purſues the humble occupation of a butcher. His father, Thomas Harte, died about a year ago, at the age of ſixty-ſeven. He informed me, that, when a boy, he well remembered having, with other boys, dreſſed themſelves as Scaramouches (ſuch was his phraſe) in the wearing apparel of our Shakſpeare.

The kitchen of this houſe has an appearance ſufficiently intereſting to command a place in this work, abſtracted from its claim to notice as a relative to the Bard. It is a ſubject very ſimilar to thoſe that ſo frequently employed the rare talents of Oſtade, and therefore cannot be deemed unworthy the pencil of an inferior artiſt. In the corner of the chimney ſtood an old oak chair, which had for a number of years received nearly as many adorers as the celebrated ſhrine of the Lady of Loretto. This relic was purchaſed in July, 1790, by the Princeſs Czartoryſka, who made a journey to this place, in order to obtain

tain intelligence relative to Shakſpeare; and being told he had often ſat in this chair, ſhe placed herſelf in it, and expreſſed an ardent wiſh to become a purchaſer; but being informed that it was not to be ſold at any price, ſhe left a handſome gratuity to old Mrs. Harte, and left the place with apparent regret. About four months after, the anxiety of the Princeſs could no longer be withheld, and her ſecretary was diſpatched expreſs, as the fit agent, to purchaſe this treaſure at any rate: the ſum of twenty guineas was the price fixed on, and the ſecretary, and chair, with a proper certificate of its authenticity on ſtamped paper, ſet off in a chaiſe for London.

PART of the premiſes adjoining is, and has been many years, occupied as a public houſe, known by the ſign of the Swan and Maidenhead. Our Bard, it appears by the Regiſter of Stratford, was the eldeſt ſon of John

John Shakſpeare, a conſiderable dealer in wool. Were his origin queſtionable, the above evidence, and correſponding tradition receives a degree of confirmation from a pane of glaſs, taken out of one of the windows of this houſe, about thirty years ago, by Mr. Peyton, who then kept the White Lion inn adjoining.

On this glaſs is painted the arms of the merchants of the wool ſtaple; and I have

have little doubt, from the ſtyle of its execution, but that it was painted at or before the time of John Shakſpeare, the father. The pane of glaſs is about ſix inches in diameter, and very perfect. The preceding ſketch is a faithful repreſentation of the original in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Peyton of Stratford, ſon of the before mentioned gentleman.

In a lower room of the public houſe, which is part of the premiſes wherein Shakſpeare was born, is a curious antient ornament over the chimney, relieved in plaiſter, which, from the date 1606 that was originally marked on it, was probably put up at the time, and poſſibly by the poet himſelf: although a rude attempt at hiſtoric repreſentation, I have yet thought it worth copying, as it has, I believe, paſſed unnoticed by the multitude of viſitors that have been on this ſpot, or at leaſt has never been made public:

public: and to me it was enough that it held a conſpicuous place in the dwelling houſe of one who is himſelf the ornament and pride of the iſland he inhabited. In 1759, it was repaired and painted in a variety of colours by the old Mr. Thomas Harte before mentioned, who aſſured me the motto then round it had been in the old black letter, and dated 1606. The motto runs thus:

" Golith comes with ſword and ſpear,
" And David with a ſling;
" Although Golith rage and ſweare,
" Down David doth him bring."

These premiſes appear, by ſome long timbers ſtill remaining acroſs the building, to have included two houſes adjoining: indeed it does not ſeem poſſible that there could have been ſufficient ſpace in one of theſe cottages to have reared a family of ten children, the number that John Shakſpeare the father is ſaid to have had, nor would it have been ſuited to a perſon of his ſituation in life, who, we are told by the regiſter and public writings relative to the town of Stratford, was of a family of good figure and faſhion there, and therein mentioned as gentlemen. It likewiſe appears that he had been a corporation officer and bailiff of Stratford, and that he enjoyed ſome hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his great grandfather's faithful and approved ſervice to King Henry the Seventh. In the year 1599, John Shakſpeare, in honour of his ſon, took out an extract of his family arms from the herald's office. Still, how re-

reſpectable ſoever the family may have been, there remains little doubt but that theſe humble premiſes were in their occupation. As a corroborating proof of this fact, if any is neceſſary, I ſhall give the ſubſtance of a family ſettlement in my poſſeſſion, dated Auguſt 14th, thirty-third of Elizabeth, 1591, which deſcribes the houſe of John Shakſpeare as ſituated in Henley Street. It is to this effect; "That George Badger, ſenior, of Strat-
" ford upon Avon, conveys to John and
" William Courte, yeomen, and their heirs,
" in truſt, &c. a meſſuage or tenement,
" with the appurtenances, in Stratford upon
" Avon, in a certain ſtreete called Henley
" Streete, between the houſe of Robert
" Johnſon on the one part, and the houſe
" of *John Shakſpeare* on the other; and alſo
" two ſelions (i. e. ridges, or ground between
" furrows) of land lying between the land of
" *Thomas Combe*, Gent. on the one hand, and
" Thomas Raynolde, Gent. on the other."

It is regularly executed, and livery of ſeiſin on the 29th of the ſame month and year indorſed.

THE Thomas Combe above mentioned was moſt probably the brother of the celebrated John. Thomas was buried, according to the Stratford regiſter, January 22d, 1609-10. The land adjoining, occupied by him, came, I preſume, at his death, to his brother John, and was moſt likely that ſpot called Shakſpeare's Cloſe, bequeathed by him to his brother George, by his will dated 1614.

OUR Shakſpeare, we have every reaſon to believe, was educated at the free grammar-ſchool which ſtands over the Guildhall at Stratford, and is introduced in the annexed view. Its external appearance, except that it has been whited and painted, remains nearly in its antient form. Within it is a large

large unfurniſhed chamber, probably at that time the ſchool room. The old chapel adjoining, erected in Henry the VII.'s reign, by Sir Hugh Clopton, who built Stratford bridge, likewiſe remains in its primitive ſtate. To make, therefore, the repreſentation of the contemporary ſcene, ſo far as it has reference to our Bard, entire, I have taken the liberty of giving a view of the houſe as it ſtood at the time he reſided there, which he did from the period of his quitting London till his death. The view is copied from an old drawing of one Robert Treſwell's, made in 1599, by order of Sir George Carew, afterwards Baron Carew, of Clopton, and Earl of Totneſs. It was found in Clopton houſe in 1786, and was in the poſſeſſion of the late Mrs. Patriche, who was the laſt of the antient family of the Cloptons. The drawing, I am informed, is ſince loſt or deſtroyed. The ſite on which the houſe ſtood is now a garden, in the poſſeſſion of Thomas Hunt,

Hunt, Eſq. A wall is ſtanding next the ſtreet, which aſcertains the exact width and ſituation of the front of the houſe. By the appearance of the drawing, the houſe was of brick, with ſtone coins. It was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of the antient family of that name, who built the bridge at the entrance of the town. He particularly bequeaths it, by will, to his nephew, by the appellation of his Great Houſe in Stratford. It had been alienated from the family of the Cloptons for more than a century when Shakſpeare purchaſed it; and this was, in all probability, about four or five years before his death, according to the opinion of Theobald and Rowe. When Shakſpeare had made a purchaſe of theſe premiſes, he thoroughly repaired them, and gave them the name of New Place. Soon afterwards, in 1614, two years before his death, the greater part of the town of Stratford was deſtroyed by fire, but this

this houſe fortunately eſcaped the conflagration.

On the death of Shakſpeare, in 1616, this houſe continued in the poſſeſſion of his wife, who died in 1623, and then became the property of his favourite daughter, Suſannah, the wife of John Hall, a phyſician of ſome eminence in the county. He died in 1635, and ſhe in 1649, at the age of ſixty-ſix: it was, therefore, during the time in which ſhe was the owner of New Place, that Henrietta Maria, Queen to Charles the Firſt, kept her court here for three weeks. This event took place in 1643, the year in which the firſt ſerious, though indeciſive appeal to arms was by her ill-fated huſband made at Edge Hill in this county. The Queen entered Stratford upon Avon in triumph, about the 22d of June, at the head of three thouſand foot, and fifteen hundred horſe, with a conſiderable train of artillery. She accompanied

theſe

theſe troops from Newark, which place they left on the 16th of June. The Queen was met at Stratford by Prince Rupert, who had alſo with him a large body of troops. From Stratford the Queen proceeded to the plain of Keinton, under Edge Hill, to meet the King, and from thence, after the battle, they went to Oxford, at which place it is ſaid their

"Coming was rather to a triumph than a war."

AFTER the death of Mrs. Hall in 1649, I am informed the premiſes were occupied by their daughter Elizabeth, who was firſt married to Thomas Naſh, Eſq. and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington. After the death of Lady Bernard, it was ſold under her will to her couſin, Edward Naſh, from whom it devolved, in 1678, to Reginald Foſter, Eſq. afterward Sir Reginald Foſter. Of this gentleman it was re-purchaſed by the

the Clopton family, who ſoon after pulled down the houſe, and built another on the ſpot. The new one was occupied by a Sir Hugh Clopton, a barriſter at law, who was knighted by King George the Firſt. In the year 1742, this gentleman entertained Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane, under Shakſpeare's Mulberry Tree, then ſtanding in the garden. The truth of the tradition that this tree was planted by our Bard, ſeems to admit of little doubt. In ſupport of the fact, it appears that, in the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, this ſpecies of fruit tree being very ſcarce in England, King James the Firſt ordered a conſiderable number of young ones to be imported from France, and to be planted in different parts of the country, in order to increaſe the quantity of ſilk worms, and to aid the manufactory of ſilks. This celebrated Mulberry Tree was cut down about fifty years ago, by one Gaſtrell, who then

poſſeſſed the premiſes, and who committed this ſacrilegious act merely to avoid the trouble of anſwering the earneſt importunities of the frequent traveller, whoſe zeal might prompt him to hope that he might meet inſpiration under its ſhade, and who could with confidence tell the proudeſt admirers of the moſt rapturous ſtrains that ever echoed in the enchanted groves of the highly cultivated regions of Greece and Rome,

" Ne quis ſit lucus, quo ſe plus jactet Apollo."

VIRGIL.

By the ſame irreverend hand was the houſe pulled down, about the year 1752, and for no other or better reaſon than a difference with the magiſtrates becauſe they had aſſeſſed his houſe at Stratford, in which he reſided only a part of the year, proportionably with all others in the borough: as the only means of defeating the effect of a determination every way

way reaſonable and juſt, in a ſelfiſh and unfeeling ſpleen he raſed the building to the ground.

The antient building oppoſite to New Place as deſcribed in the annexed plate, is a public houſe, known by the ſign of the Falcon, and is evidently in the ſame ſtate it was, in Shakſpeare's time. It is built of upright oak timbers with plaiſter, and has all thoſe Gothic ornaments that denote it of ſtill more antient date than the period above alluded to. The ſign, in all probability, was firſt ſet up as a compliment to Shakſpeare, whoſe creſt of cogniſance, according to the inſtrument in the College of Heralds, was a Falcon with his wings diſplayed, ſtanding on a wreath of his colours ſupporting a ſpear armed headed or ſteeled ſilver. Julius Shaw was the name of the perſon who then kept the houſe, and who was a ſubſcribing witneſs to our Poet's will.

Shaw was by trade a carpenter and undertaker, and is ſuppoſed, with ſome degree of probability, the perſon who buried him. Shakſpeare is ſaid to have paſſed much time in this houſe, and to have had a ſtrong partiality for the landlord, as well as for his liquor.

Upon the demolition of New Place above mentioned, all the furniture and papers were removed to the antient manſion of the Clopton family, about one mile diſtant from Stratford. Amongſt thoſe papers I have long imagined that it was very poſſible ſome manuſcripts of our Shakſpeare might have been conveyed. Prompted by a faint hope of this ſort, as well as by curioſity, I laſt ſummer viſited this ſpot, but without the deſired ſucceſs. Of this venerable houſe, with the church of Stratford in the diſtance, I have annexed a faithful ſketch. It preſents

ſents an irregular front, built in the time of Henry the Seventh, the grand aſpect has been modernized, and is in ſo indifferent a ſtyle as to be unworthy notice.

In Clopton houſe are a few antient pictures and curious old furniture; amongſt the latter is a bed, given to Sir Hugh Clopton, who built the manſion, by Henry the Seventh, and in which he is ſaid to have frequently ſlept. The furniture of this bed is of fine cloth of a darkiſh brown, with a rich fringe of ſilk about ſix inches deep. This remain of antiquity is in good preſervation, and is annexed to the eſtate as an heir loom. The garret, or attic ſtory of this houſe, was formerly uſed as a chapel, and on its walls yet remain ſeveral ſcriptural inſcriptions in black letter, and paintings on religious ſubjects, that appear as antient as the houſe. Amongſt other hieroglyphic figures,

is

is a large fiſh rudely deſigned, with a hand at a diſtance dragging it forward with a ſtring. As a ſpecimen of the poetry written on the walls, take the following:

" Whether you riſe yearlye or goe to bed late,
" Remember Chriſt Jeſus that died ffor your ſake."

FROM this place I ſhall conduct the reader to the village of Shottery, about a mile from Stratford, from whence, as report ſays, our Bard, at about the age of ſeventeen, took to himſelf a wife aged twenty-four, named Anna Hatheraway, or Hathaway. The cottage in which ſhe is ſaid to have lived with her parents is yet ſtanding, and although I have doubts as to the truth of the relation, I have yet given a faithful repreſentation of it in the annexed view. It is ſtill occupied by the deſcendants of her family, who are poor and numerous. To this ſame humble cottage I was referred when

this houſe long before the time of Shakſpeare.

THE proprietor of this furniture, an old woman upwards of ſeventy, had ſlept in the bed from her childhood, and was always told it had been there ever ſince the houſe was built. Her abſolute refuſal to part with this bed at any price was one of the circumſtances which led to a perſuaſion that I had not liſtened with too eaſy credulity to the tale ſhe told me reſpecting the articles I had purchaſed. By the ſame perſon I was informed, that at the time of the Jubilee, the late George Garrick obtained from her a ſmall inkſtand, and a pair of fringed gloves, ſaid to have been worn by Shakſpeare.

RETURNING to Stratford we ſhall contemplate the venerable pile that received the remains of our immortal Poet,

" Whoſe ſacred duſt yon high arch'd aiſles incloſe,
" Where the tall windows riſe in ſtately rows
" Above th' embowering ſhade."

PART of this reſpectable Gothic ſtructure is ſaid to have been built ſoon after the Conqueſt. The chantery was founded by John de Stratford, Biſhop of Wincheſter, in the fifth of Edward the Third. The church was made collegiate by Henry the Sixth, under the name of the collegiate church of Stratford upon Avon. Its revenue was valued, at the Diſſolution, at one hundred and twenty-nine pounds a year. On the north ſide of the chancel of this church is affixed the monument of Shakſpeare, the view of which is faithfully repreſented in the annexed ſketch. The figure of the bard, in ſtone, is beneath a circular arch: he holds a pen in his right hand, and his left is reſting on a ſcroll of paper which lies on a cuſhion before him. This buſt, though rudely

ſculp-

ſculptured, is yet, I have little doubt, a reſemblance of the man. Some likeneſs may certainly be traced between this and the print prefixed to the firſt folio copy; and for the authenticity of this point, we have Ben Jonſon's teſtimony.

In the countenance of the late Mr. Thomas Harte, the deſcendant of Shakſpeare's ſiſter before mentioned, I always perceived a ſtrong ſimilitude to the markings of this figure. The monument has lately undergone a very judicious alteration, that of reſtoring it to its natural ſtone colour, and removing the various daubings by which it was defaced in attempting to give to the figure the repreſentation of nature. Beneath the figure is the following diſtich:

" Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
" Terra tegit, populus mœret, Olympus habet."

To this Latin inſcription are added the following verſes:

" Stay, paſſenger, why doſt thou go ſo faſt?
" Read, if thou canſt, whom envious death hath plac'd
" Within this monument; Shakſpeare, with whom
" Quick nature dy'd, whoſe name doth deck the tomb
" Far more than coſt; ſince all that he hath writ,
" Leaves living art but page to ſerve his wit."

OVER the grave, at the foot of this effigies, is placed a flat ſtone with another epitaph engraved, in the following uncouth manner, in ſmall and capital letters:

" Good Frend for Ieſus SAKE forbeare
" To diGG T-E Duſt EncloAſed HERe
" Bleſe be TE Man Y ſpares TEs Stones
" And curſt be He Y moves my Bones."

THE Gothic door-way adjoining to this grave, and which appears in the print, opens to the charnel houſe, which contains the greateſt aſſemblage of human bones I ever ſaw. This ſolemn ſcene was peculiarly calculated to make a forcible impreſſion upon ſuch

ſuch a mind as that of Shakſpeare's, and may probably have given birth to that ſtriking exclamation, at which, however juſt the image, and beautiful the compoſition, humanity almoſt recoils, and the ſoul thrills with horror.

" Chain me with roaring bears;
" Or ſhut me nightly in a Charnel houſe,
" O'er cover'd quite with dead mens rattling bones,
" With reaky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls,
" Things that to hear them told have made me tremble."

On a grave-ſtone adjoining to Shakſpeare's was formerly, according to Dugdale, the following inſcription on Suſannah, his favourite daughter, who married Dr. Hall. From the character given of her in her epitaph, ſhe ſeems to have inherited no inconſiderable portion of her father's talent. It is penned with much quaintneſs, and is a curious, and at the ſame time by no means a contemptible

ſpecimen

ſpecimen of the character of the writings, and of the genius of the times. In nothing did the age of James improve upon Elizabeth: on the contrary, under him learning degenerated into pedantry, and ſimplicity fell a ſacrifice to puerile conceit.

" Witty above her ſexe, but that's not all,
" Wiſe to ſalvation was good Miſtris Hall,
" Something of Shakſpeare was in that, but this
" Wholy of him with whom ſhe's now in bliſſe,
" Then paſſenger ha'ſt ne'er a teare,
" To weep with her that wept with all;
" That wept yet ſet herſelfe to chere
" Them up with comforts cordiall.
" Her love ſhall live her mercy ſpread,
" When thou ha'ſt ne're a teare to ſhed."

SEVERAL other relatives of Shakſpeare's are interred in this vault; and very near his monument is that of John Combe, Eſq. an intimate acquaintance of our Bard. A well ſculptured figure in alabaſter of this gentleman,

man, in a cumbent poſition, is placed beneath an arch over his grave; from which, as I do not remember to have ſeen a print I have made the annexed ſketch. The inſcription on his monument runs thus:

" Here lyeth interred the body of John " Combe, Eſq. who departing this life the " tenth day of July, A. D. 1614, bequeathed " by his laſt will and teſtament to pious " charitable uſes theſe ſummes enſuing, an- " nually to be paid for ever, viz. xxs. for two " ſermons to be preach't in this church. " vi. il, iiis, ivd, to buy ten gownes for ten " poore people within the borough of Strat- " ford; and one hundred pounds to be lent " to xx. poore tradeſmen of the ſame bo- " rough from three years to three years, " changing the parties every third year at " the rate of 5os. per annum; the which in- " creaſe he appointed to be diſtributed to- " wards

" wards the reliefe of the almes-poor there.
" More he gave to the poore of Stratford
" xxl.

" Virtus poſt funera vivit."

For the erection of this monument, he directs in his will that " a convenient " tomb of the value of threeſcore pounds " ſhall be by my executors within one year " ſet over me." This gentleman is ſaid to have been famed for his wealth and uſury, and from a well known ſtory, told by Mr. Rowe, one is led to believe that Shakſpeare, at the requeſt of his friend John Combe, made the following extempore lines on him by way of epitaph:

" Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
" 'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd;
" If any man aſk, who lies in this tomb,
" Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe."

We ſhall quote ſome other fuſtian lines on a ſimilar ſubject, imputed to our Bard, and perhaps on ſtill more ſlender authority, on one Tom a Combe, alias Thin-beard, brother to John, the gentleman before alluded to.

" Thin in beard, and thick in purſe;
" Never man beloved worſe;
" He went to the grave with many a curſe:
" The devil and he had both one nurſe."

The lines on John Combe are ſaid to have been written after Shakſpeare's retirement to Stratford, which muſt have been, according to Mr. Rowe, within one year of John's death: he died, at an advanced age, in 1614.

We find from the will of John Combe, that he " bequeathed unto Maſter William " Shakeſpeare five pounds." The witty lines

written for his epitaph, were ſo bitter and pointed, that they would hardly have been by any one communicated to the object of their ſatire. King James is ſaid to have expreſſed an anxious wiſh that he might ſurvive the author of a ſatirical epitaph upon his miniſter Saliſbury; and it ſeems not at all improbable that John, whoſe advanced years would not admit the hope of ſurviving Shakſpeare, and who muſt know how far he was himſelf open to attack, might diſcreetly endeavour to conciliate him, by yielding a very ſmall part of that, which he could not carry with him, as a peace offering, to ſecure the quiet and repoſe of his grave.

As it is our profeſſed intention to remark on works of art in the preſent undertaking, we cannot paſs the Town Hall without noticing the portrait of our late Roſcius, David Garrick, who is there exhibited at full length,

length, in a picture copied from an original of the late ingenious Mr. Gainſborough. This picture exhibits a tolerably good likeneſs; yet as it could have no claim to a reception in this place, except from the faithful and eloquent manner in which he whom it repreſents reflected the various ſcenes of nature and workings of paſſion drawn by the pen of our mighty maſter of the drama, he ought not in our opinion to have been painted in the faſhionable dreſs of the day. Being admitted as a public character, and a very diſtinguiſhed one he certainly was; he ought to have had an habit appropriate. The blue coat and long ſkirted ſcarlet waiſtcoat, belaced with gold, gives rather the idea of a half-pay naval officer, than that of the idol of the public—of a genius, the magic of whoſe powers held throughout his life the paſſions of a nation under their controul—whoſe ſmile enlivened, and whoſe frown appalled and petrified. The portrait of Shakſpeare,

at the other end of the hall, is by the late Benjamin Wilſon, and was painted in 1769. The attitude of the figure is well conceived, but wants ſufficient animation in the colouring to produce effect: the face in particular is ſo much under ſhadow, that, if the features as truly indicate the powers, as they are ſaid to do the paſſions, of the mind, the countenance is ſo far clouded as by no means to give the idea of that fire and ſpirit which one muſt ſuppoſe would be viſibly emanating from the ſoul of its divine original. Without any model upon which to reſt, it is perhaps impoſing a heavy taſk upon the imagination to body forth the form of excellence; and though the picture has in many reſpects much merit, we cannot reſiſt the temptation of applying our great author's own words, as they accord ſo much with our own feelings on this occaſion:

" If any ſuch be here
" That love this painting wherein you ſee me ſmear'd,
" Let him expreſs his diſpoſition."

I CANNOT quit Stratford without adverting to the celebrated Jubilee held here in honour of Shakſpeare, in September, 1769, under the conduct of the late Mr. Garrick. The annexed view of the grand Amphitheatre was preſented to me by a friend, who was on the ſpot at the celebration of this claſſic féte. The proceſſion of the characters in Shakſpeare has been ſince added nearly as they were intended to have appeared, had the weather permitted. As I do not remember to have ſeen a correct view of this ſcene in print, it may not prove unpleaſant to the admirers of our Bard.

THE Amphitheatre was an elegant octagon ſtructure, erected at a ſmall diſtance from the bank of the Avon, in the meadow adjoin-

adjoining to Stratford bridge, as deſcribed in the view at the opening of this ſection. It was, in point of ſize, not quite ſo large as Ranelagh, ſupported by a colonade of the Corinthian order, about ten feet diſtant from the ſides of the building. In the centre was, ſuſpended from the roof, a large chandelier, conſiſting of eight hundred lights. The building was handſomely decorated with paintings appropriated to the occaſion, and between the pillars were crimſon curtains elegantly diſpoſed. This feſtivity was intended to be complete in three days. On the firſt, the company attended at the church, where the oratorio of Judith was performed under the conduct of Dr. Arne, its compoſer; after which the proceſſion, with a band of muſic, led on by Mr. Garrick, proceeded to the hall, where the company dined and cloſed the evening with a maſquerade ball. On the ſecond day the grand proceſſion of the principal characters in Shakſpeare's plays was omitted, from the exceſſive

exceſſive rain, little ſhort of a deluge, that poured down all the morning. The ſketch annexed is therefore to be conſidered rather as what was intended, than what was really exhibited.—It is not our deſign to go into a more particular deſcription of the hiſtory of this Jubilee, nor to ſpeak to the merits of the performance, the ſubject is yet too recent in the minds of many who were preſent. We ſhall therefore only hint at the pictorial repreſentations exhibited on that occaſion.

Fronting the building, on the bank of the Avon, were three well executed allegorical paintings, after the deſigns of the late Sir Joſhua Reynolds. In the centre, Time was leading Shakſpeare to immortality, and on each ſide a figure of Tragedy, and Comedy: behind theſe figures were placed a great number of lamps, which produced, from their tranſparency, a beautiful effect. In the five windows

windows of the Town Hall were likewiſe tranſparent paintings, on ſilk, of Lear, Falſtaff, Piſtol, Caliban, and the Genius of Shakſpeare, who is ſeizing on a figure that holds Pegaſus, and who is in the attitude of exclaiming,

" Oh! for a Muſe of fire!"

Nor was the humble dwelling, where our Swan of Avon firſt drew breath, left undecorated on this occaſion: a tranſparent painting was hung before the windows of the room in which he was born, repreſenting the Sun breaking through a Cloud. His buſt in the church was decorated with feſtoons of laurel, bays, &c. and at one end of the grave-ſtone ſome pious hand had placed a garland of flowers, evergreens, &c.

Such was the enthuſiaſm of the viſitors at this voluntary national tribute of homage

to

to our immortal Bard; and ſuch will ever be the extatic veneration with which every inhabitant of the globe to whom the Engliſh language is known, muſt contemplate this divine genius,

" Who (taught by none) did firſt impart
" To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonſon art:
" He, monarch-like, gave thoſe his ſubjects law,
" And is that nature which they paint and draw.
" Fletcher reach'd that, which on his heights did grow,
" Whilſt Jonſon crept, and gather'd all below.
" This did his love, and this his mirth digeſt:
" One imitates him moſt, the other beſt.
" If they have ſince outwrit all other men,
" 'Tis with the drops that fell from Shakſpeare's pen."

SECTION X.

ABOUT a mile below Stratford, near Luddington, is the confluence of the river Stour with our Avon. From hence, on the ſouth, we paſs Milcot, antiently the ſeat of the Grevils. Of this manſion, except part of a moat which ſurrounds a farm houſe now ſtanding on the ſite, ſcarce any traces remain. Below this is the village of Weſton, in Glouceſterſhire, in whoſe church are interred many of the Grevil family. This place, together with the adjoining village of Welford, now belongs to the Duke of Dorſet. The lock, adjacent mill, and contiguous ſcenery, afford no unpleaſing landſcape.

FROM hence, toward Bidford, about ſix miles, the Avon runs nearly in a direct line, without any material object to engage atten-

tion, till we reach Hillborough. Within this village ſtands a very antient houſe, on a pleaſing aſcent from the bank of the Avon, known by the appellation of Haunted Hillborough. It is now a farm houſe, and why it bears the epithet of haunted, we cannot learn; but as we ſhall ſhortly have occaſion to refer to it, it is here mentioned. A little below this place is Bidford grange, a very antient houſe, formerly belonging to the monaſtery of Eveſham, from whence it paſſed into the antient family of the Skipwiths, and is now the property of Lady Skipwith.

The country round about this charming ſpot, the mill houſe, and ſpacious water fall adjoining, on the bank of the Avon, form a ſcene truly pictureſque, and of which the preceding view is a faithful repreſentation.

This neighbourhood, ſo contiguous to Stratford, and ſo inviting in itſelf, was much fre-

frequented by Shakſpeare; and this ſpot may not improbably have laid the ſcene as well as exhibited the picture of thoſe ruſtic manners, a copy of which forms the ſimple paſtoral trio between Autolycus, Mopſa, and Dorcas, in the Winter's Tale, when Mopſa ſays,

" Or thou go'ſt to the grange, or mill,
" *Dorcas.* If to either thou doſt ill,
" *Aut.* Neither. *D.* What, Neither? *A.* Neither.
" *Dor.* Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;
" *Mop.* Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:
" Then whither go'ſt? ſay whither?"

Bidford was formerly a market town, but the market is now in diſuſe. It was antiently a demeſne of the crown, poſſeſſed by King Edward the Confeſſor, and retained by William the Conqueror. Bidford has little at preſent attached to its hiſtory worth obſervation: the only circumſtance that now gives it notoriety, is its excellent ale, and the equally notorious thirſty clay of its inhabitants. It is ſaid there were antiently two ſocieties of village yeomanry in this place,

place, who frequently met under the appellation of Bidford Topers. It was a cuſtom with theſe heroes to challenge any of their neighbours, famed for the love of good ale, to a drunken combat: among others the people of Stratford were called out to a trial of ſtrength, and in the number of their champions, as the traditional ſtory runs, our Shakſpeare, who forſwore all thin potations, and addicted himſelf to ale as luſtily as Falſtaff to his ſack, is ſaid to have entered the liſts. In confirmation of this tradition we find an epigram written by Sir Aſton Cockayn, and publiſhed in his poems in 1658, p. 124: it runs thus;

" To Mr. Clement Fiſher, of Wincot.

" *Shakſpeare*, your *Wincot* ale hath much renown'd,
" That fox'd a beggar ſo (by chance was found
" Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
" To make him to believe he was a lord:
" But you affirm (and in it ſeems moſt eager)
" 'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.

" Bid

treated him to return to Bidford and renew the charge; but this he declined, and looking round upon the adjoining villages, exclaimed, "No! I have had enough; I have "drank with

"Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marſton,
"Haunted Hillbro' Hungry Grafton,
"Dudging Exhall, Papiſt Wicksford,
"Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

Of the truth of this ſtory I have very little doubt: it is certain that the Crab Tree is known all round the country by the name of Shakſpeare's Crab; and that the villages to which the alluſion is made, all bear the epithets here given them: the people of Pebworth are ſtill famed for their ſkill on the pipe and tabor: Hillborough is now called Haunted Hillborough; and Grafton is notorious for the poverty of its ſoil.

On the ſouth ſide of the Avon, oppoſite to Bidford, lies the pleaſant village of Bar-

ton, which is a hamlet belonging to the pariſh of Bidford. From the ſimilarity of the name, and the conſideration that no ſuch place as *Burton* Heath has been by any enquiry of mine diſcovered in this neighbourhood, I am led to conceive that Barton Heath, which lies in this county, and is about eighteen miles from Stratford, muſt have been the ſpot to which Shakſpeare refers in the firſt act of the Taming of the Shrew, where Sly ſays " Am not I Chriſtopher Sly, old Sly's " ſon of *Burton* Heath ? Aſk Marian Hacket, " the fat ale-wife of *Wincot*, if ſhe know me " not. If ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on " the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the " lying'ſt knave in Chriſtendom." I am not only fortified in this conjecture, but emboldened to make another, by the further conſideration, that on Barton Heath there is a houſe yet ſtanding formerly a public houſe, called Woncott or Onecott. Nothing is more common than to vary the mode of ſpelling the names of towns and of families in different

periods.

periods. The above were doubtleſs places with which Shakſpeare was very familiar. It is worth hazarding a conjecture to have even the chance of tracing him in any one of his haunts. Right or wrong in that, which we have hazarded (and in this age what has not conjectural criticiſm dared?) we have at leaſt the ſatisfaction of knowing, that no arbitrary departure from precedent and the only exiſting authorities could diſturb the ſenſe, or even tend to falſify the character of the writings of this great maſter. But ſubſtitutions of another ſort do not only afford a ſhelter to ignorance and indolence; they rob the age of the teſtimony it gives of itſelf, they pollute the ſources from which only the ſcholar can draw his materials to deduce the hiſtory of his native tongue, and deprive poſterity of the means of aſcertaining the characteriſtic features of the ſtyle of our great authors. Such muſt be the conſequences of the wretched ſyſtems of ſome modern critics of at leaſt no ſmall pretenſions; and ſuch

and no leſs are the ſacrifices, they expect to be made to their petty ſtudies and frivolous acquirements.

About a mile below Bidford, on the ſouthern bank of the Avon, ſtands the village of Cleve, or Cliff, otherwiſe Cliff Priors. This place derives its name from a range of cliffs in its vicinity; and near to this ſpot we enter Worceſterſhire.

Beneath theſe cliffs the Avon winds beautifully in a very ſpacious but ſhallow courſe: its bed is rocky, but perfectly level, and not more than four feet deep. Cleve mill, and lock, form a very pictureſque ſcene; but the elevated rocky back ground renders the whole too confined to become a fit ſubject for the pencil.

Winding round the cliff, the church of Salford breaks pleaſingly on the view: here the Avon is joined by the river Arrewe, or Arrow,

Arrow, probably ſo called from the ſwiftneſs of its current. This river derives its ſource from the Licky Hill, near Bromſgrove, in Worceſterſhire, and, paſſing the town of Alceſter, gives the name of Arrow to a village in its neighbourhood, near which the Marquis of Yarmouth has a handſome ſeat called Ragley. "Salford," ſays Dugdale, "had its name originally from a ſalt ſpring "that hath been there, as the inhabitants "doo obſerve, from the acceſſe of pigeons to "the place where it was, which is now "choaked up." At this place was formerly a ſeat belonging to Sir Simon Clark, Bart. a name that ſhould not be forgotten in this country, as it is to him we owe much of that information handed down to us by Dugdale. Of a deſcendant of this gentleman we give the following anecdote as we received it:—About ſeventy years ago, a Sir Simon Clark, being a very young man, agreed with his comrades to commit a robbery, and actually did ſo. It was no Godſhill adventure: the booty

booty they met with amounted only to a few ſhillings, with which they immediately went to a public houſe, and being there apprehended, confeſſed the fact without reſerve. They were all convicted, and Sir Simon was condemned to be tranſported; and being ſent to one of the Weſt India iſlands, remained there many years, and till his death, having, in the interval of that event and the period at which he regained his liberty, acquired a very conſiderable fortune.

About two miles below Salford is Harvington Lock, and Weir, which has been repaired with ſome of the fragments, and it is ſaid, even the ſtatues from Eveſham abbey. However, at the time they were inſhrined this application might have been conſidered, though it would then have been a profane and ſacrilegious abuſe, we know that a Saint, who has been long thrown from his niche, and a King, as Mr. Burke ſays and knows, ſo ſoon as he is "hurled from his "throne,"

" throne," command no very great degree of reſpect: when they can beſtow bleſſings and penſions, no doubt they will be in better odour, whether the character of the age is that of chivalry or the moſt oppoſite. And, weighing in our minds the miſerable uncertainty and ſtrange viciſſitudes of every thing ſublunary, what is there of mortal origin ſo high and ſo ſacred, that may not in afflux of time be converted to the baſeſt uſes? as our Shakſpeare, ſpeaking of Julius Cæſar, and he could have named no greater character, warns us:

" That earth, which kept the world in awe,
" May ſtop a hole t'expel the winter's flaw."

The ſcenery near Harvington is bounded on the ſouth by a range of hills, which derive their name from the adjacent village of Littleton. Behind this village the Breedon hills form a beautiful undulating line, which, receding in due gradation, happily unites itſelf

itſelf with the aerial diſtance. Below Harvington is the village of Offenham, which takes its name from Offa, King of the Eaſt Angles, who, with Kenred, King of the Mercians, gave to the abbey of Eveſham ſeven Manſæ in this place. Theſe ſovereigns died monks at Rome. The remains of an extenſive wall and battlements appear, from the bank of the Avon, to have formed the boundary of this place.

Offenham was formerly the favourite retirement of the Abbots of Eveſham; but of the nature of their luxuries at this place, we find no veſtiges. After the Diſſolution it came to Sir Edward Hoby, in the twenty-third of Elizabeth, and then to the Hazelwoods. The college of Chriſtchurch, Oxford, now preſents to the curacy.

A little below this village, it is ſaid, there was antiently a bridge; the ſpot retains the name, but no traces of it appear.

A little

A little below this place, a ſmall brook, called the Fork, empties itſelf into the Avon. This ſtream riſes upon one of the Cotſwold hills, called Weſton; and paſſing through Honeybourne and Bradfordſton, finiſhes its courſe at this place. At the extremity of this reach of the river, Bengworth church, Dumbleton hills, &c. form a beautiful diverſity of objects, conſidered as the back ground for a picture.

Nearly on a line with what is called Offenham bridge, to the north of the village, ſtands a large rude ſtone, almoſt overgrown with ivy: its baſe is an oblong one foot nine inches by one foot two, rather diminiſhing towards the top; it has no traces of inſcription or ornament, nor is there any marking of a chiſſel: it yet appears to have been placed there for ſome particular purpoſe; it ſtands between two hills, at about one hundred yards diſtant from the bank of the river,

and on the north-weſt ſide of the field where-on the famous battle of Eveſham was fought between the Barons and the King's forces in the reign of Henry the Third.

About a mile before we reach Eveſham, the Avon receives the waters from Willerſey, Broadway, and the adjacent hills, which running by Wickhamford, unite below Badſey, and under the name of Pludor Brook, falls into our river.

SECTION XI.

THE approach to Eveſham preſents an aſſemblage of objects happily combined for pictorial repreſentation, although the moſt venerable remains of this antient place are concealed in the general view. The fertile vale of Eveſham, beſides its contiguity to our river, holds out ſo many invitations, and is a ſpot ſo peculiarly eligible to every claſs and deſcription of men, who make it the ſtudy and buſineſs of their lives to baſk in ſunſhine, indolence and plenty, that it is no wonder we ſhould find hoods and cowls ſwarming and battening in this delicious and fruitful vale. Previous to the foundation of the abbey, Eveſham was admired for its ſolitude. Upon this principle, no doubt, and that he

might there undiſturbed hold commerce with the ſkies, Egwin, the third Biſhop of Worceſter, applied to Ethelward, King of Mercia, for a grant of ſome wood lands in the neighbourhood, and obtained them. Monkiſh writers tell us the name of this place was derived from one Eoves, a ſwineherd to the Biſhop, who, looking after a ſow, which had ſtrayed among the thickets, met the Virgin Mary in company with two other beautiful Virgins, each holding a pretty book and chaunting hymns. The report of this viſion coming to the ears of the Biſhop, zeal more than curioſity led him to the ſpot; when, as he began his oriſons, he was indulged with the beatific viſion, and was thereby encouraged to fulfil a vow he had formerly made to erect a church. For this pious purpoſe he obtained a grant from Kenred, King of Mercia, and Offa, ſon to the King of the Eaſt Angles, of ſixty-

ſeven

ſeven manſes of land, ſituated on the banks of the Avon. The King, the Prince and the Biſhop ſoon after made a journey to the Pope Conſtantine, from whom they found no difficulty in obtaining a letter to ſummon to the ſpot where the beautiful virgins had ſo miraculouſly appeared, the Biſhops, Sovereigns, and Nobles, from all parts of England, and declare before them, that Egwin had authority from the apoſtolic ſee, for founding there a monaſtery of Benedictines. Eſtabliſhed with ſo much ceremony, and on this pious fraud the Abbey rapidly increaſed in wealth. The imagination of its holy founder, with ſome one or other of theſe delicious images that had hovered round him as he knelt in the field, cauſed the good Egwin to grow reſtleſs in any other place, to reſign his ſee, and to become the firſt Abbot of his own foundation. Through his powerful and active patronage, we find it in the year 714 endowed with no leſs than twenty-two towns.

OTHER accounts ſay, that the founder went to Rome, on account of the ſins of his youth; that his legs were chained and faſtened with an horſe-lock, the key of which he had thrown into the ſea; declaring that he would not be releaſed till God by a miracle had declared the forgiveneſs of his ſins; this ſtory proceeds to ſtate, that as he was returning to the Engliſh ſhore, a fiſh jumped into the boat, and that in its belly was found the key: others ſay he bought the fiſh at Rome, which, as it is making a fiſh a miſſionary, is no ſmall improvement of the miracle. In confirmation of this wonderful ſtory, the arms of the abbey are, according to Biſhop Tanner's plate of Abbatial Seals, a horſe-lock, or chain, which forms a chevron between three mitres. Another ſeal alludes to the adventure of the ſwineherd Eoves, who is repreſented in its centre ſurrounded by his herd. We ſhall here quit the abſurd hiſtory of this once extenſive foun-

foundation, and refer to its venerable ruins; which, diſmiſſing from our minds that indignation which is ſo apt to riſe at the many juggles and deceptions originally employed in too many of theſe eſtabliſhments, cannot fail in their preſent ſtate to intereſt the lover of antiquity, who may perhaps concur with the moraliſt in thinking, that theſe things produce a much better effect in decay and ruins, than in their priſtine and moſt flouriſhing condition. In paſſing to theſe remains, the town of Eveſham riſes by an eaſy aſcent from the bank of the Avon; which forms the peninſula on which it is ſituated. The town is healthy, and its ſoil celebrated for its fertility. The vale of Eveſham, which takes its name from the town, Camden obſerves "is from its fruit-"fulneſs ſtyled the granary of theſe parts; "ſo liberal is the ſoil in affording the beſt "corn in great abundance."

This place is famed in hiſtory for the battle fought between the Barons and the royal forces in the reign of Henry the Third, in which the former, under the command of the Earl of Leiceſter, who married the King's ſiſter, took priſoner the King, and his brother Richard, King of the Romans, and their two ſons. The fatal cauſe of the battle, was the harſh reply received by the Barons from the King on their preſenting petitions for the redreſs of their grievances; and this induced them to ſhake off their allegiance.

After the victory, the principal leaders having quarrelled among themſelves, an army was formed under the command of Prince Edward, who made his eſcape from Hereford caſtle, and inveſted Eveſham in Auguſt, 1265. He ſurrounded the Earl of Leiceſter's army, and forced him to battle in a large field about a mile to the north of the town. In this battle the Earl placed the captive King in the front,

front, in a ſuit of armour reſembling his own: in which ſituation he was wounded in the ſhoulder, and would have been killed, had he not found means in time to diſcover himſelf to the ſoldiers. Leiceſter placed his barber on the abbey tower, as a ſpy, who, as ſoon as he ſaw the great ſtrength of the Prince's army, cried out in deſpair, "Lord have "mercy on our ſouls, for our bodies are "theirs."—This battle terminated in the death of the Earl, and his eldeſt ſon Henry: the father fought on foot after his horſe was killed, and was cut to pieces. The defeat of the Barons was immediately followed with the loſs of the prime of the nobility, one hundred and ſixty knights, many gentlemen, and about four thouſand ſoldiers.

The bodies of the Earl and his ſon were buried in the abbey church before the altar, and the King is ſaid to have aſſiſted at their funeral.

EVESHAM was taken in May, 1644, by Maſſey, and in July, Charles the Firſt refreſhed his ſoldiers here, and ſent from hence propoſals for peace to the Parliament at Weſtminſter. In 1697, Eveſham gave the title of Baron to Sir John Somers, Lord Chancellor of England, who was eſteemed one of the ableſt ſtateſmen of his time.

QUITTING Eveſham a little below the bridge, the venerable remains of its once extenſive and magnificent abbey, with the churches of All Saints and St. Laurence, preſent themſelves in a very beautiful and pictureſque point of view. The churches, although they appear connected in the annexed drawing, are ſeparate and diſtinct buildings. The Abbot's tower is ſaid by Leland to have been built by Clement Litchfield, the laſt Abbot but one; and in his Itinerary he quaintly remarks, that "He "made a right ſumptuous and high ſquare

"tower

" towre of ſtone in the cemetary of Eveſham. " This towre had a great bell in it, and a " goodly clocke, and was a gate houſe to one " piece of the abbey." The great bell is ſuppoſed to have been taken down at the Reſtoration; when the young men of the town joined together in the expence of melting down the bells of the two pariſh churches, and having that new ſet coined which are ſtill hanging in the great tower. This venerable ſtructure is one hundred and ſeventeen feet in height from its baſe, which is about twenty-two feet ſquare, to the crown of the fanes. It is in a very chaſte and elegant ſtyle of deſign: and its ornaments are ſimple, and perfectly beautiful. In all probability it was finiſhed but a very ſhort time before the Reformation, as it exhibits an admirable ſpecimen of the improved taſte of building at that period. It has ſuffered no dilapidation either from the hand of time, or the

more frantic one of religious or political zeal.

On the weſt front of this tower, above the dial, are two curious figures in wood, repreſenting men in armour. Their original employ was to ſtrike the hour; but they are now, from the ravage of time, become ſo ſtiff in their joints as to be no longer able to perform their functions. The figures appear to be the work of the middle of the laſt century. The date was originally inſcribed, but is now obliterated.

From the top of this noble tower, the admirer of extenſive views will be amply gratified with the beautiful ſcenery of the rich and fertile vale of Eveſham, and the ſurrounding country.

The ſite of the abbey, which ſtood to the left

left of the tower, is ſtill diſtinctly marked by the ruins of its extenſive walls; within which there are ſtanding the beautiful remains of a chapel worthy the peculiar attention of the antiquary: its roofleſs walls, and broken windows, its mouldering arches, and beautiful appendage the cluſtering ivy, all leave a melancholy impreſſion upon the mind, ſo far as it contemplates the inſtability of human labours and human inſtitutions, at the ſame time that it is far from being overwhelmed with regret, when it reflects on the intereſted policy and unnatural reſtrictions of prieſtcraft, and of the church of Rome, once exhibited by its votaries within theſe walls. The ſite of the abbey is now occupied by Mr. Philips; at the extremity of whoſe garden, at the diſtance of about one hundred and fifty yards, facing the river, ſtands a venerable gateway, once the principal entrance to the abbey. The arch from the ground to the key ſtone is about ſeventeen feet high, but much

much of the effect of its height is loſt by the falling in of rubbiſh from the adjoining ruins. The mouldings leave two ranges of niches, in which are ſculptured in different compartments many figures of ſaints and monks, moſt of whom have loſt their heads, in conformity perhaps to principles, in which, in ſtone and wood work at leaſt, we ſeem here to have ſet the faſhion to a neighbouring country. The draperies of ſome of them however diſplay ſtrong marks of excellence in their original deſign. The annexed view of this Gothic remain will give ſome idea of its preſent mutilated ſtate, and of the charming village of Bengworth on the oppoſite ſide of the Avon, that was antiently among the many poſſeſſions of this wealthy abbey. Between the gate and the river were formerly their fiſh ponds; from whence they derived the means of uſing that ſingular ſpecies of eccleſiaſtical ſelf-denial and faſting which at once ſatisfied the conſcience and the appetite.

petite. From the end of the bridge, on the Eveſham ſide, the remains of a wall are ſtill viſible, that formerly extended itſelf acroſs the peninſula, and ſeparated the fiſh ponds, gardens, and vineyard from the town. The extent and well choſen ſituation of theſe conveniencies indicate at once good taſte in thoſe ſpiritual directors, as well as a provident attention to thoſe things that are neceſſary to our well being in this tranſitory ſtate.

These charming grounds are watered by the gentle Avon, whoſe courſe brings us to the village of Hampton, about a mile below Eveſham. This ſmall village is beautifully ſituated on an eminence, emboſomed within a rich thicket of oaks, and commands an extenſive proſpect of the luxuriant vale of Eveſham. Here the Avon receives the aid of a ſmall brook called the Vincell, that has its riſe in the vicinity of Sudely Caſtle, in Glouceſterſhire, and, coming down by Winchcomb,

Winchcomb, and Todington, the ſeat of Lord Tracy, enters this county at Sedgbarow. The remain of the garden wall, antiently belonging to the abbey, extends a conſiderable diſtance along the margin of the river; and at the termination of this wall, a fine ſloping bank verges upon the river for near a mile, exhibiting a rich diſplay of fruit trees, planted with great regularity, and which ſeem to vie with the luxuriant vines of France and Italy. Every part of this charming vale is ſo abundantly fertile in fruit and garden productions of every kind as to ſupply the greater part of the neighbourhood. The ſudden windings of the Avon, both here and below, render the diſtance twice as great by water as by land. Here alſo it increaſes very much in width, and its depth is fourteen or fifteen feet at leaſt; and yet ſo inconſiderable is the traffic upon it, that not more than two barges go up in the courſe of a week to Eveſham, and frequently not more than one

in

in a fortnight ſo high as Stratford. The great reduction of commerce on this river has been occaſioned in no ſmall degree by the Coventry and other canals in its vicinage.

The country, as we paſs down, is finely ſcreened by the Fladbury hills below, which, with Chatbury mill, and lock, and the ſurrounding ſcenery, combine ſo rich a landſcape, that nature ſeems not to require the aſſiſtance of art, in the language of modern refinement, either to correct her coarſe expreſſion by removing a hill or docking a tree, or to ſupply her careleſs and taſteleſs omiſſions for the purpoſe of rendering her more completely pictureſque.

Approaching Fladbury, we paſs a handſome houſe on an eminence, the ſeat of the Perrots, and a few years ſince of George Perrot, Eſq. late one of the Barons of the Exchequer, who purchaſed this manor, to-

gether with the navigation of the river Avon, at this place.

HAVING in a former ſection obſerved that this river was made navigable in 1635 by a Mr. William Sandys, we feel it a duty again to mention ſo great a friend to our river, more eſpecially as he was at the time a reſident, and bailiff, in the pariſh of Fladbury. Dr. Naſh, in his Worceſterſhire, page 447, quotes from an account of the water works of Mr. William Sandys, of Fladbury, " That he erected Wears in the " quieteſt ſtreams. Nor did he intend to " finiſh his work at Stratford, but had " thoughts to extend the ſame to Warwick; " but what hindered his accompliſhing his " deſign, I know not; and for the expence " he hath hereupon beſtowed, it cannot be " reckoned leſs than twenty thouſand pounds. From the ſame account it appears that " as " ſoon as he had finiſhed his work to Stratford " (and,

" (and, as I have heard, ſpent all his fortune),
" he immediately delivered up all to the
" Parliament to do what more they thought
" fit therein."

The country about Fladbury is remarked for its fertility; a quality which the women in the neighbourhood are ſaid to poſſeſs in a degree and at a period of life ſcarce elſewhere known, it being no uncommon circumſtance, as I am informed, for women to bear children when advanced to near the age of ſixty. Fladbury church contains ſome monuments worthy attention, particularly thoſe of the antient and once eminent family of the Throckmortons. Its ſituation is well diſpoſed for the pictureſque, but is too much incumbered with trees tortured in the true Dutch ſtyle, to be worthy the pencil. The adjoining parſonage houſe may likewiſe be truly ſaid to

" O'ertop the houſe of God."

This, in a ſingle inſtance, reverſes the remark made by the incomparable Butler, however true it may be in other reſpects, " that " churchmen overlook all other people as " haughtily as the churches and ſteeples do " private houſes."

The village of Cropthorn, about a mile below, preſents a ſcene more noble and intereſting; the varying and capricious hand of faſhion in gardening has not interfered, and nature remains in that primitive ſtate of ſimplicity that conſtitutes at once the ſublime and beautiful in Engliſh landſcape. In the church of Cropthorn are two antient monuments of the Dineley family, who held conſiderable poſſeſſions in this vicinity for ſeveral centuries, and flouriſhed in this country with great repute till the beginning of the preſent; when, on the death of Sir Edward Dineley,

Dineley, his daughter and heir, Eleanor, married Edward Goodyere, of Burghope, in Herefordſhire, who, in 1707, was created a Baronet. This gentleman was ſucceeded by his eldeſt ſon Sir John Dineley Goodyere, who was the laſt of the family that enjoyed this eſtate. He was ſo much at variance with his younger brother, Samuel Dineley Goodyere (Captain of the Ruby man of war), as to threaten to diſinherit him in favour of his ſiſter's ſon John Foote, of Truro, in Cornwall, Eſq. This ſo irritated his brother, the Captain, that he took the deſperate reſolution of murdering the Baronet, and perpetrated it on the 17th of January, 1741. The circumſtance is thus related by Dr. Naſh, in his Worceſterſhire, p. 272: "A "friend at Briſtol, who knew their mortal "antipathy, had invited them both to din-"ner, in hopes of reconciling them, and "they parted in ſeeming friendſhip; but

"the

" the Captain placed ſome of his crew in the
" ſtreet near College Green, with orders to
" ſeize his brother, and aſſiſted in hurrying
" him by violence to his ſhip, under pretence
" that he was diſordered in his ſenſes, where,
" when they arrived, he cauſed him to be
" ſtrangled in the cabin by White and
" Mahony, two ruffians of his crew, himſelf
" ſtanding centinel at the door while the
" horrid deed was perpetrating. It is ſuffi-
" cient to ſay that the murder was immedi-
" ately diſcovered, and the Captain and his
" two accomplices being tried at Briſtol
" March 26th following, were found guilty,
" and there executed, April 15th. The
" Captain had behaved bravely in his pro-
" feſſion on ſeveral occaſions; was at the
" taking of St. Sebaſtian, Ferrol, and St.
" Antonio, at which latter place he burnt
" three men of war, the magazine, and
" ſtores." The heir to the eſtate was John

Foote,

Foote, Eſq. nephew to Sir John, and elder brother to the late Samuel Foote, Eſq. our celebrated comedian.

Below Cropthorn, at the village of Piddle, and near the bridge, the Avon receives the waters that come down from Breedon hill and from Elmely caſtle. After paſſing the extenſive meadows of Fladbury, they unite with ſeveral brooks from the north, and empty themſelves into our river at this ſpot.

From theſe acceſſions our Avon acquires a conſiderable breadth, and aided by a richly diverſified ſcenery, compriſing a diſtant view of Perſhore, yields to the eye, in paſſing down the ſtream, a moſt beautiful and luxuriant landſcape.

SECTION XII.

PERSHORE, once famed for its abbey and extenſive church poſſeſſions, is now not leſs ſo for the beauty of its ſituation and fertility of its ſoil. It ſtands on the northern bank of our Avon, from which it derives its principal advantage; and, together with great improvements in its adjoining roads, has, within the laſt few years increaſed greatly in population. Its name, Camden tells us, is derived from a Saxon word, which ſignifies a Pear Tree. The pear tree is certainly to be found here in great abundance; but we much doubt the fact of its name originating from that tree, as that fruit was not produced in England till about the middle of the ſixteenth century, at which period both cherries and grapes were likewiſe introduced.

On the reduction of the Papal power in this country, Perſhore appears to have loſt its former conſequence. The abbey of Perſhore, according to William of Malmſbury, bears date as early as 604: after which period, having received various orders of religious perſons and having been ſeveral times deſtroyed by fire, it at length fell into the hands of a more powerful body, the Monks of Weſtminſter. In the laſt fire in 1287 it is ſaid, that the regiſter of the eſtates, with the cuſtoms and charters of the abbey, was deſtroyed; and that Walter, the then Prior, and others being examined touching their privileges, ſome demands of a very curious nature were brought forward—claims that would even ſtartle the conſcience of the moſt rapacious modern eccleſiaſtic. Among others this was inſiſted upon by the Prior, that the principal legacy, bequeathed by every deceaſed perſon within their pariſhes, ought to be carried before the corpſe to the church of Perſhore,

ſhore, and there valued by the Sacriſt and Chaplain of the place to which the deceaſed belonged; and that one half of the valuation ſhould remain with the Sacriſt, and the other be given to the chaplain. This pious cuſtom requires no other comment than that, when it firſt obtained, it muſt have originated in fraud, and ſo long as it continued, was a barefaced robbery.

Of this once extenſive abbey, the ſite of which contained about two acres, we find very ſmall remains, no more than the tower, the ſouthern part of the croſs, and one of its chapels. At the Diſſolution, it was valued, according to Speed, at ſix hundred and ſixty-ſix pounds thirteen ſhillings.

In the 11th of the reign of Henry the Third, he granted to the Abbot and Monks of this place a fair to be held, on the feaſt of St. Edburgh of Perſhore, in the church-yard of Holy Croſs. St. Edburgh was the eighth

daughter of King Edward the Elder, who reigned in 901. This pious lady, we are told, was from her infancy much inclined to godly books and good works; and that her father, as a teſt, and to prove her zeal genuine, frequently placed before her fine clothes and rich jewels on the one hand, and on the other the New Teſtament and other devout tracts: and that ſuch was her conſtancy, that ſhe uniformly rejected the finery, and made choice of the implements of devotion. In return for her indifference to the pomps and vanities of this world, it is added, ſhe was placed in a monaſtery at Wincheſter; where we only know that ſhe died and was buried. Few of the Miſſes of the preſent day would have made ſuch a choice, and ſtill fewer would have approved the mode of rewarding it; they dwell with little ſatiſfaction upon the idea of "ſingle bleſſed-"neſs;" but cannot at all apprehend the notion of being ſpouſes of the Lord.

We have before obſerved in the courſe of this work, that fairs were originally held to ſolemnize the feaſt of the dedication of churches, and that they were then kept within the churches; but in the above reign, on account of the irregularities practiſed on thoſe occaſions, a ſpecial mandate was iſſued to forbid their being there kept: and the fair at this place was appointed to be held in the church-yard. Theſe irregularities are ſtrongly pointed at in a black letter book publiſhed in 1493, in a dialogue between Dives and Pauper. It runs thus:

" *Dives.* What ſayeſt thou of them " that hold markets and feyers in holy " church and ſanctuary?

" *Pauper.* Both the buyer and the ſeller " and the men of holy church; that maintain " them, or ſuffer them, when they might let " it, been accurſed. They make Goddes " houſe

" houſe a den of thieves; for commonly in
" ſuch feyres and markets, whereſoever it be
" holden, there be many thieves, mychers,
" and cut purſes.

" *Dives.* And I dread me, that full
" often by ſuch feyres Goddes houſe is made
" a tavern of gluttons, and a bordel of ly-
" chors; for the merchant and chapman
" keep their wives and lemans both night
" and day; and what if the prelates and
" curates of the place take money of the
" chapmen for the place that they ſtand
" in by covenant?"

THIS laſt is a ſarcaſtic query; but as the glebe of holy church in theſe days is never ſuffered to paſs into lay hands without a conſideration made, why in this caſe ſhould an agiſtment tithe be thought unreaſonable? To be ſure, if they took no tithe in kind, under the circumſtances of a commerce ſo promiſ-

promiſcuous, in which many a holy father might chance to pick up a new toy, there muſt at leaſt have been laid in a rich harveſt of ſins againſt the day of confeſſion: on which occaſion we will charitably hope, that forgiveneſs of a firſt lapſe was never purchaſed by a confirmation in evil.

In the abbey church are ſome antient monuments; and amongſt them is preſerved the inſcription of Abbot Newton, or Newnton, who built the ſouth croſs aiſle. It is given in a rebus, in which the name is inſerted above a tun; thus mixing hieroglyphic with their deſcription—a mode of conveying their meaning by no means unuſual in thoſe times.

In the vicinity of Perſhore, the Avon has a greater depth and breadth of water than we have yet witneſſed; and the general landſcape, as we approach the foot of Bredon hill,

hill, combines likewiſe a highly improved ſcene of vegetation. The view is rendered ſtill more pleaſing by an extenſive woody ſcenery that preſents itſelf on a riſing bank of the river.

PASSING the village of Cumberton, Malvern hills, in a grey ſombre tint, form a pleaſing back ground to a rich thicket of oaks, that borders the ſouthern bank of the river. This ſcenery receives no ſmall pictorial aid from the adjoining lock and mill; that take their name from the village of Nafford, which is bounded on the weſt by Eckington. Here a handſome bridge of ſix irregular arches is thrown acroſs the Avon, it is built of that reddiſh ſtone ſo generally produced in this country. The road over this bridge leads from Perſhore to Tewkſbury.

A LITTLE below this ſpot the Avon receives

Sam. Ireland del.

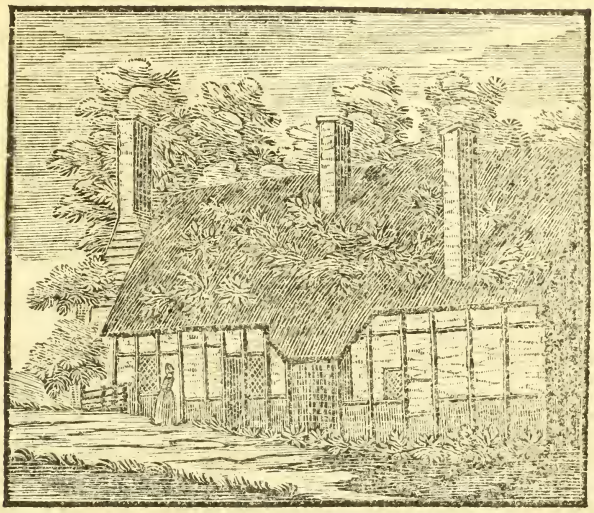
Eckington Bridge, Worcestershire.

ceives a further acceſſion from a ſmall ſtream called Dufford, or, as it was antiently written, Depeford brook. In this neighbourhood is found a weak brine, that has been frequently worked, but never to much advantage.

At a ſudden bend of the river, Strenſham church appears on a conſiderable eminence. This building, on a nearer approach, affords, with the ſurrounding objects and the beautiful mill beneath on the bank of the Avon, a ſcene which equally invites the pencil of the artiſt, and the pen of the obſervant traveller. This village has, beſides its peculiarly pleaſing ſituation, a yet ſtronger claim to notice from having produced that extraordinary and, in his line, unrivalled genius, Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras. He was born in 1612, and on the eighth day of February following was baptiſed in the pariſh church of Strenſham. The font at which he was

baptiſed is yet ſtanding; it is of ſtone, and the ſtyle of its workmanſhip leaves no room to doubt that it is of a date more antient than the birth of our unrivalled wit. It appears that the father of Butler was churchwarden of this place the year before our author was born, and that he occupied a conſiderable farm of about three hundred pounds a year, which he rented of Sir William Ruſſel, then Lord of the manor of Strenſham, beſides a ſmall tenement and lands, his own property, of the annual value at that time of eight pounds. In theſe premiſes, which are now divided into three tenements, our author is ſaid to have been born; and they ſtill retain the appellation of Butler's tenements. Although ſome doubts have ariſen reſpecting this fact, I am yet inclined to give credit to it; and am ſtrengthened in this perſuaſion by the concurrence of the Reverend Dr. Naſh of Bevereye, near Worceſter; who is the preſent Lord of the manor, and, together with

with the other Ruſſel eſtates, owner of theſe premiſes.



In the preceding wood cut I have preſerved a faithful ſketch of the humble retreat of this very original genius. Nor ſhould the high and original character of his wit be conſidered as the only great and diſtinguiſhing feature of Butler's muſe: his profound and various learning, and his inexhauſtible treaſure of univerſal knowledge appear to lay equal claim to our applauſe and admira-

tion. Dennis, in the following lines inſcribed on his monument in Weſtminſter abbey, has moſt happily given a true idea of the character of the genius of this very ſuperior man:

" He was a whole ſpecies of poets in one;
" Admirable in a manner
" In which no one elſe has been tolerable:
" A manner which begun and ended in him,
" In which he knew no guide,
" And has found no followers."

With the lands poſſeſſed by Dr. Naſh, formerly in the hands of Butler's family, he holds, if not a treaſure of ineſtimable value, a work of very great curioſity and intereſt—the common place book of our author.

I was gratified by the Doctor with a ſight of this repoſitory, in which is lodged a ſeries of thoſe paſſages in contemporary writers, the force of which impreſſed them upon the underſtanding, or the brilliancy of which ſtruck

ſtruck the warm and vivid imagination of our maſculine wit: and I have no doubt but that a correct copy of it, given to the public, would prove highly intereſting to the philoſophic and reflecting mind, that delights to follow genius in its retirement, and compare the nature of its private ſtudies and purſuits with the character of its known and avowed labours and occupations, and to know the turn of thought that would recommend itſelf to an intellect of ſo much vigour, and a wit ſo truly original. It would probably alſo be acceptable to the antiquary, and aſſuredly to the leſs ſolemn trifler, the collector of the curioſities of literature.

The extreme indigence in which Butler notoriouſly died, would of itſelf have been a reproach to the literary character of the age: but without derogating from the high eſtimation to which he is entitled, we cannot forget that either their envy or their ſelfiſh diſſi-

diſſipation ſuffered " one greater" to deſcend to the grave almoſt a beggar. Whatever excuſe might be at hand for the neglect of Milton in this quarter, it muſt remain an eternal ſtigma upon the character of ariſtocracy, that ſo uniform, ſo reſolute, and active a ſupporter of ſupremacies ſhould have died a ſans culottes. As to the Monarch, it was not poſſible that any thing could add to his exceeding infamy. His unhappy fate is lamented by the ingenious Mr. Samuel Weſley of Tiverton, in the following epigrammatic epitaph, written in conſequence of a buſt having been erected in honour of his memory:

" When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
" No generous patron would a dinner give.
" See him now lifeleſs and reduced to duſt
" Preſented with a monumental buſt.
" The poet's fate is here in emblem ſhewn;
" He aſk'd for bread and he receiv'd a ſtone."

WITHIN

WITHIN the church of Strenſham are ſome well executed monuments of the Ruſſel family, who flouriſhed in this place upwards of four hundred years. A Sir William Ruſſel of Strenſham during the civil wars ſuffered greatly from his adherence to the royal cauſe, and expended large ſums in the King's ſervice; and yet, after the Reſtoration took place, and the order of the royal oak was about to be inſtituted, his eſtate was valued at eight thouſand pounds a year.

QUITTING Strenſham we paſs Bredon, the name of which has been obſerved to ſignify a place at the root of a hill, from the word Braidd, extremity, and Don, a hill.

THE rectory houſe is pleaſantly ſituated on a riſing eminence on the bank of the river, and ſeems to cover much more ground than the houſe of God; the porch and weſt end of which are in the Saxon ſtyle of architecture. The rectory is one of

of the moſt valuable in the dioceſe of Worceſter.

We cannot quit this village without mentioning the name of Dr. Prideaux, formerly Biſhop of Worceſter; who, upon the ſequeſtration of his biſhopric during the civil wars, retired hither on a ſtipend of only four ſhillings and ſixpence per week. This reverſe of fortune he bore with much chearfulneſs, although obliged to ſell his books and furniture to procure ſubſiſtence. One day being aſked by a neighbour as he paſſed through the village with ſomething under his gown, What he had got there? He replied he was become an oſtrich, and forced to live upon iron; ſhewing ſome old iron which he was going to ſell at the blackſmiths to enable himſelf to purchaſe a dinner.

Below Bredon, at Twinings Fleet, which is about three miles before you reach Tewkſbury, the tower of that church and the ſurrounding

rounding objects form a very pleaſing diſtance; but it being near the cloſe of the day when we ſaw it, the whole appeared too miſty and indiſtinct for the pencil and ſize of this work. Twinings Fleet takes its name from the pariſh of Twining, which is ſituate on a point of land north-weſt of the Avon, and is between that and the Severn.

NEAR the village is the remain of a conſiderable encampment, ſaid to be Roman; of which I ſhall treat more at large in the Hiſtory of the Severn, as from its contiguity it more properly belongs to that river.

BEFORE we reach Tewkſbury, our Avon receives conſiderable aid from the river Carrant, which riſes in Beckford, and is a boundary between the counties of Worceſter and Glouceſter.

APPROACHING Mythe bridge, the an-

tient tower of the abbey church of Tewkſbury, and other objects, pleaſingly combine in the general landſcape of this venerable place; and we cannot ſelect, towards the concluſion of this work, a more proper object than a repreſentation of that ſpot,

" Where Avon's friendly ſtreams with Severn join,
" And Tewkſbury's walls, renown'd for trophies, ſhine."

Mythe bridge was built in 1632; and this ſtructure conſtitutes a part of what is called the long bridge. Previous to the period of building this bridge, the old one meaſured above ſeven hundred yards in length. A bridge of this extent became neceſſary from the frequent floods that happen in the long level of this country. The greateſt ever remembered took place in 1770: it was occaſioned by a very heavy fall of ſnow, ſucceeded by rain that continued for three days; during which time large boats with twelve or fourteen

teen people paſſed and repaſſed the town to ſupply the inhabitants with neceſſaries. The next year the tide flowed in Avon five inches perpendicular, a circumſtance never before on record. Mythe bridge derives its name from a hamlet belonging to Tewkſbury, called the Mythe, a word of Greek derivation, which ſignifies a military ſtation. For this purpoſe it is happily formed by nature, being difficult of acceſs in every part, and receiving additional ſecurity from the confluence of the Severn and Avon in the valley beneath.

The ſummit of the hill, or Tumulus at this beautiful place, formerly bore the name of the Mythe Toot; but ſince it received a royal viſit in the year 1788, it has changed its name to Royal Hill.

Tewksbury, although it may properly be conſidered as appertaining to our preſent purſuit,

purſuit, being on the bank of what is called the Old Avon, is yet an object, we conceive, better ſuited to the more extenſive and impetuous Severn, than to the gentle and ſoft flowing Avon. We ſhall therefore ſuſpend any remark on that reſpectable and antient town till the Hiſtory of the river Severn is laid before the public. In the interim we beg to ſubmit, with all due reſpect, as ſome return for our want of ability to render juſtice to the beauties of the preſent ſubject, the fidelity and attention with which the views were made, and the earneſt and unremitted diligence uſed in procuring the information contained in this volume.

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